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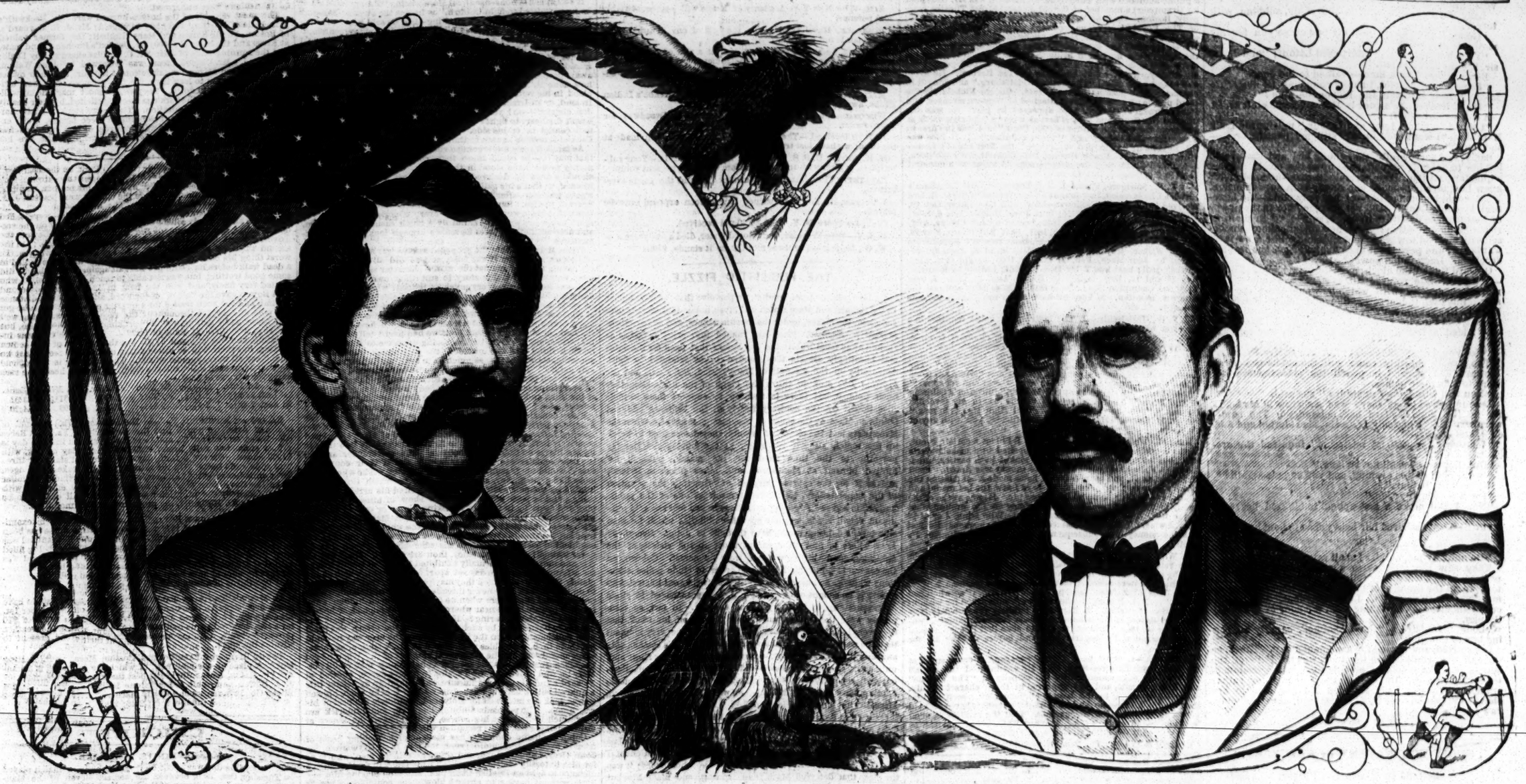

JOE COBURN AND JEM MACE, WHO DID NOT FIGHT IN IRELAND ON THE 4th OF OCTOBER. For Biographical Sketch, see another column.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK SHADOW—THE INTRUSION—THE FATE OF THE HOUSE OF MARSDEN—THE CREOLE.

The fleeting storm of early summer, which had just passed over from the west, had given place to a glorious sunset, flooded with golden light the tangled woods and barren moorlands which surrounded Marsden Grange. Yet, vivid as were the parting rays of the dying sun, they could not conquer the spirit of melancholy which neglect had imposed upon the place. This was especially apparent in the spot where our story opens.

It was in a plantation, choked almost with undergrowth; and through which there wound a moss-edged road, shadowed with lofty pines. At some short distance from this road, and further in the plantation, there was an open space which had been roughly cleared by the axe of the woodman. Time had covered the huge trunks lying plentifully about with a green growth; showing that the labor, though apparently earnestly begun, had been for long years discontinued.

On one of these prostrate trees, and with his sketch-book on his knee, there was seated a young man, in that loose yet appropriate costume which artists most affect. A brilliant pair of hazel eyes, a slight moustache surmounting his white level teeth, a straight nose, a high forehead, and a profusion of dark brown hair, united to form as frank and handsome a countenance as pen could well depict. Framed, as it were, by the opening branches of the trees above, could be seen Bickley Bridge, a rustic erection, crossing a lofty waterfall in one of the many rivers in the north of England which rise in the Cheviots and flow into the Tyne. It was this object which appeared indeed exquisitely picturesque in the sunset, that the artist, Athol Clement, was transferring to his sketch-book.

So deeply was he absorbed in his task, and so light had been the young girl's footfall on the thick mossy turf, that the artist was unconscious of the presence of a companion, who, for some minutes, had been gazing over his shoulder at the progress of his work.

"Charming — positively charming!" exclaimed the young lady at last, with all the decision of a connoisseur.

"Pardon me," returned the artist, as he started and rose; then removing his loose cap, and bowing—"Miss Marsden."

"Nay," replied the young lady, in ripe, cheerful tones; "it is you, Mr. Clement, who should forgive me. But pray proceed. Believe me, if I have been guilty of an error, the interruption of your labor would be the severest penalty you could inflict."

"Nay," responded Athol, putting away his pencils and his books; "the moment of inspiration is past."

The first exclamation of a spectator on beholding Lucy Marsden would be, "How singular!" the next, "How beautiful!" The former would refer to the deep contrast presented by her rich olive skin and dark eyes with her waving hair, which was of that hue of golden brown at once so rare and enchanting. The latter would attach itself to that perfection of form and feature to which no description could do adequate justice.

She was above the middle height, and graceful in her every motion, as an Indian maiden on her native prairie. Her face—a true oval—was balanced on a throat which sprung in flowing outline from a ripening bust. Her eyes—a rich liquid brown—were overbrimming with expression, almost laughing between their silken fringe of lash and beneath the delicately-arched brows. Her cheeks wore the peachy bloom of health, and her eloquent nostrils seemed to contract and dilate withe very passing thought.

"I little imagined, Miss Marsden," spoke Athol, "that our next meeting, after the brilliance of the county ball, should be in the romantic, but still somewhat gloomy, retirement of this forest glade."

"It does at times," responded Lucy—"remembering the gorgeous luxuriance of tropical vegetation, in the midst of which I was born—seem very, very dull."

"You are a West Indian, Miss Marsden, I believe you told me?"

"My father—Sir Ralph Marsden—was once the Governor of Jamaica. Oh, dear Jamaica!" she continued, clapping her hands in a wayward manner at the recollection—"pleasant, happy island!"

"You are enthusiastic, Miss Marsden."

"In the bright land where I was born, women speak their thoughts, and, in this dull country, you call that enthusiasm."

"You pervert my meaning most cruelly, Miss Marsden. I, English though I am, can be as enthusiastic as yourself."

"Your eyes tell me so—about your art. I wish I were an artist."

"You have at least the soul of one," proceeded Athol, irresistibly attracted by the untutored earnestness of his lovely companion,

"Coming along the road here from the lodge, where I had sought shelter from the storm, I saw you among the trees, and I came to you at once. Let me look once more at your sketch."

Athol undid his portfolio, and drew the drawing out for her inspection.

"Yes," she said, taking it, "I know it—oh, so well! On that old bridge I love to linger, to see the forest and the moorland spread themselves before me, and hear the dash of the falling torrent as it rolls beneath my feet."

"Do you know, Miss Marsden, I would give years of my life if I could copy the expression of your face at this moment."

"Ah! you flatter!" soberly answered Lucy, returning the sketch.

"No—on my soul, no!" replied Athol. "I have too much honor—too much self-respect to flatter! Grant me a favor. Let me, before I quit Marsden—let me attempt your portrait."

"Capital!" she cried, clapping her hands with delight. "Come to the Grange at once. You shall commence now."

Athol smiled.

"Here is the sober grey of the evening—in your home the dull glare of the lamp. I must have a clear light to do justice to my feeble talents. But are you indeed so pleased?"

"Oh, Mr. Clement, if you knew the horrible dullness of that lonely Grange! My mother, Lady Marsden, is, as you have doubtless heard, an invalid; and except Latour, our creole steward, I have hardly any one to speak to. And the old house is so large, and at times there are such strange noises, that——"

"Hush," replied Athol, with a slight laugh. "Is it your wish to make me superstitious?"

"If it were indeed so"—a kind of olive pallor suffusing her face—"I should get mamma to ask you to stay at the Grange. The place, I feel sure, is haunted."

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense! Ah, that is what all your clever men say—nonsense. They hear of something they don't understand, so they shut their ears, close their eyes, and whisper, 'Nonsense!'"

Spite of himself, Athol could not remain quite unaffected. The growing evening deepening the shadows in the glade—the sigh of the wind among the trees above—the crisp stir of the dry leaf on the soft turf, all of which at other times would have been unmarked, seemed now invested with some sad and solemn meaning.

"You are frightened!" laughingly exclaimed Lucy. "Don't deny it if you are."

"Not I," smiled Athol, in his turn. "It's the common belief that when a large, old, straggling mansion, like the Grange, is only partly inhabited, that large, old, straggling mansion must be haunted."

"I tell you," spoke Lucy, so earnestly that tears unconsciously welled up in her eyes—"I tell you that, in the lonely quiet of the night, I, with my own wakeful eyes, have *seen* it."

Stout as Athol was, there grew a certain awe within his heart, which his face was powerless to conceal.

Ah! You *are* frightened now!" she cried; and her merry, piping laugh rang through the trees.

"Lucy Marsden!"

Athol started. At an opening in the glade—in the dim light of the rising moon—there stood a man. At the sound of that cold, stony voice, the laugh died on the lips of Lucy, her head bowed, and her extended arms fell powerless at her side.

"Lucy Marsden," repeated the stern voice, "who is he with you?"

The tone of Lucy in reply was low, calm and resigned.

"It is a gentleman to whom I have been introduced at the county ball, and whom I have just now accidentally recognized, Captain Bernard."

"Lucy Marsden," continued Hugh Bernard, "follow me to the Grange."

Without one look towards Athol, without even a glance of farewell, mutely, as a slave follows her master, Lucy Marsden trod humbly in the steps of Hugh Bernard. The cadaverous skin of Captain Bernard threw out the almost unnatural blackness of his dark hair and thick moustache in even greater relief. The former was closely cut, and brushed smoothly forward on his head. His nose, firm-set and aquiline, was surmounted by somewhat heavy eyebrows, meeting in the centre. Beneath these, his black implacable eyes moved with unvarying gaze. His stature was tall, and his air was military. He led the way to his horse, whose bridle he had fastened to the projecting branch of a tree, released it, and slowly paced towards the Grange.

"The name of that gentleman?"

"Athol Clement."

Strange, very strange, was the look of doubt with which Hugh Bernard regarded the young girl.

"Tell me," he said, stopping suddenly, and grasping her hand, "has he ever spoken of love?"

"Sir!" retorted the blushing Lucy.

One word. But Captain Bernard prided himself on being a man of the world, and he was convinced.

"I was not aware that you were coming to the Grange, sir," timidly suggested Lucy.

"You, I suppose, wild as usual, have been away from the Grange all the afternoon?"

Lucy assented.

"Then you are ignorant of the telegram, Miss Lucy, which two hours since I sent to Lady Marsden, to announce my arrival. Good heavens!" he cried, startled into something like humanity; "what's that?"

The led horse plunged back to the length of his bridle, his ears erect, his tail and mane extended, his eyes glaring, his nostrils dilating, and perspiring through every pore with affright. Even Captain Bernard was hardly less moved as he gazed upon the cause of the alarm. Lucy was perfectly cool; not a pulse fluttered, nor a nerve trembled.

"What is it?" gasped Bernard.

"They call it," replied Lucy, "the Fate of the House of Marsden."

They were on the uncropped sward which extended before the lonely mansion. The sky was clear and cloudless; the rays of the moon were gathering increased strength; not a breath stirred the leaves of the plantation.

But there, livid and sharp on the grass before them, was a spot of intense moonlight, as though the rays of the planet had been intercepted and condensed by means of a powerful optical glass. Instantly this spot, as they gazed, spread itself out into a hollow circle, about six feet in diameter. And there, in the centre, was the black shadow of a cross-barred, two-handed sword, such a one as an old knightly progenitor of the Marsden race might have wielded in the plains of Palestine. A few moments after it had thus developed itself, the circle closed up, lingered a bright spot for a second, and was gone. Bernard drew a deep breath, and patting his trembling horse, urged him towards the mansion.

"What," he inquired again, "do you name this?"

"'Tis the Fate of the House of Marsden—so the country people call it."

"It is well known, then, this—this strange appearance?"

"Yes."

"You have seen it before?"

"Twice," replied the young girl.

"And what," he pursued, with a mocking smile, as he recovered himself—"what does it portend?"

"The country people say, sir, that it appears ever when danger of death impends, or when——"

She suddenly stopped.

"Or when what, Miss Marsden?"

She was still silent. By this time they had reached the massive door of the old gray stone mansion called the Grange, which, with its straggling out-buildings, covered an enormous extent of ground.

The door, as they approached, was opened by Latour, the creole steward, who, with the tenderest and most respectful affection, approached his young mistress.

"You were not wetted with the rain, Miss Lucy? You were not timid with the lightning?—frightened with the thunder?"

"No, kind, faithful Antony!" returned Lucy, with a sweet smile. "I was sheltered in the lodge."

A boy had taken the horse of Bernard to the stable.

"Anthony," cried Bernard, with his cold smile and voice, "did you ever hear of 'the Fate of the House of Marsden?'"

"I have seen it, Captain Bernard."

"Your young mistress here is somewhat reticent. I asked what it portended. I am told either death or danger to the family—or—— And there she stops! Will you, Antony, be more communicative, and complete the sentence?"

"Certainly, Captain, if you wish it," taking his overcoat and hat, and looking with his gleaming eyes into his face. "'Tis when danger impends; or—when an *enemy crosses our threshold!*"

CHAPTER II.

THE DISPATCH—THE SCHEMER AT WORK—THE TWO PAPERS—WATCHING THE FATE—LOST.

In a boudoir, the elegance of which had not been entirely obscured by age, sat the lady of the mansion. She was leaning back in an easy chair, close by the fire, with all the appearance and manner of an invalid. Her dim eyes were resting on a telegram, which, as she perused and re-perused, seemed to send a quiver of pain over her face:—

"From Hugh Bernard, London, to Lady Marsden,
Marsden Grange, near Alnwick, Northumberland.

"I shall be down by the 6:30 express, with the will. You must then decide."

A sigh of distress was interrupted by a slight tap at the door, preceding the entrance of a young girl into the apartment.

"I have finished, my lady. See!"

And she spread a piece of exquisitely executed embroidery before her employer.

"Gabrielle," spoke the invalid, in a still, soft voice—"I cannot look at your work to-night."

"My lady is ill," replied the embroidress, with the slightest possible French accent.

"Your uncle, M. Anatole—is he well?" inquired Lady Marsden, crushing the telegram.

"He is better, my lady," returned Gabrielle. "But the old wound that he received in the retreat from Russia affects him still at times; but only at times. And when he feels it coming on, my lady, he leaves home and wanders by himself, that none may know of his weakness."

Pale as she was, Lady Marsden turned yet paler, as her ears distinguished the footfalls on her stairs.

"Do not rise, my lady," cried the creole, Latour, opening the door; "you are too weak—too ill. Captain Bernard will excuse my lady."

Captain Bernard, who entered without much ceremoney, followed by Lucy, gave an assenting nod. Lucy grasped the hand of the youthful Gabrielle, with whom she was on the most affectionate terms, ere the latter, bowing low to my lady, left the apartment.

"I am too indisposed, Captain Bernard, to leave my room, and have, therefore, desired dinner to be served here. I have also directed a room to be prepared."

"I leave by the 12.5 express, Lady Marsden," replied Bernard, "and as we have much to discuss, I will trouble Antony to serve my repast at once."

Latour, with an uneasy glance at Bernard, left the room for the purpose.

"Do you know, Lady Marsden, that my horse and myself have been just treated with a supernatural visitation—a peculiar ring of moonlight?"

"You have seen it?" cried Lady Marsden, in terror, rising in her chair.

"I pray you be silent, Captain Bernard," said Lucy. "My mother is, as you see, ill and nervous."

"I was smiling at it merely as an absurdity. The fate of the Marsdens is in mortal hands, is it not, Lady Marsden?"

Latour prevented the reply by preceding the servants who bore the various dishes which composed the dinner.

"You will pardon the dress of a traveler, Lady Marsden?"

"As you must excuse the attire of Lucy. We dwell so exclusively by ourselves, that we grow careless of the forms of fashion."

With excess of affection, Latour wheeled the chair of his mistress to the table. Other servants might attend to the requirements of Lucy and their guest, but he alone must minister to his beloved mistress. Lucy, as though to prolong the time, to the annoyance of Bernard, lingered over each dish. She felt an inward dread of the inevitable interview between her invalid mother and the cool, implacable Bernard, whose character she had long surmised. So Bernard was wearied at last with her procrastination.

"Miss Marsden, I have business of an important and private nature with her ladyship; and——"

"And I presume, then, you wish me away? Captain Bernard, I am obedient to your will. I shall depart with the desert."

The table was cleared at length, a bottle of claret placed beside Bernard on the table, and he was left alone with Lady Marsden. He drew his chair between the table and the fire, and placed himself exactly opposite the reclining invalid.

"Lady Marsden," commenced Bernard, in his steady, unswerving tones, "the death of your lamented husband, six years since, left an inheritance to us both. To me it was a secret to sell; to you it was the vast wealth to buy it."

"You have before told me of this."

"Possibly. I repeat it, however, to prevent the possibility of mistake. I was his old friend and the manager of his plantations; and I know the extent of his fortune to a shilling. It is enormous."

Lady Marsden clasped her hands.

"I have brought you two papers to sign," continued Bernard. "One is an order in my favor on your broker for four thousand pounds; the other, Lady Marsden, is your will. I trust that, without difficulty, I shall obtain your autographs to both."

Lady Marsden stretched out her hand to receive the papers, and motioned to Bernard to place the lamp on the table nearer. The order she laid down unread—the will she carefully perused. It was very short—its purport being, that in case of her death, an enormous legacy devolved on Bernard, who was also left sole trustee, executor, and guardian of her only daughter.

"Pen," she cried, "and ink."

Bernard eagerly rose from the claret he was sipping, and reached them from a side table.

"We shall require witnesses," hinted Bernard.

"No," replied Lady Marsden.

With this she handed him, signed, the order on her London broker.

"But my name to this," she added, returning the will, "never, Hugh Bernard—never!"

"Never, eh?" responded the other.

"Never! My child—my darling Lucy—shall never suffer what I have suffered."

"Think, Lady Marsden—think."

"Think, man!" she rose with sudden energy. "I have thought, till thought has been half madness in my brain! A curse upon the chance that made you master of my fate! You have worn me to the very edge of the grave—have trampled me beneath your feet! I have endured it all; but that my cherished Lucy should ever share the agony I did, would be a torture too exquisite to bear. Never, Hugh Bernard—never!"

It seemed as though strength and health, suddenly returning, had invigorated the weak frame of the invalid. Captain Bernard had been wholly unaffected by the spasmodic energy. Coolly and deliberately he had collected from his purse a small piece of paper, and spread it quietly and carefully on the table before her. It was brown with age—worn at the edges where it had been folded—and the characters were pale with time.

"You will notice, Lady Marsden, the date and the name."

Then he spread out a second paper, somewhat similar in size and appearance to the first.

"The consideration of this, too, may be important, and assist you in coming to a conclusion. You will sign the will now, I believe, Lady Marsden?"

But the invalid, overwrought by excitement, had sunk back immovable in her chair.

"She's not dead!" whispered Bernard, in alarm, leaning forward and seizing her arm.

The pulse still beat very feebly; but she lived still.

"She must not die," muttered Bernard, "until she has signed that will!"

Calmly he refolded the worn papers, replaced them in his purse, and rang the bell. Latour entered almost simultaneously with the sound.

"You were listening!" cried Bernard.

The benevolence so characteristic of the creole's face vanished at the accusation, and in its stead there leaped up a revengeful expression almost awful to witness.

"The devil wasn't quite whipped out of you in Jamaica, I see, Antony Latour. Had I had the handling of the lash——why do you gaze at me like that, Latour?"

"Because," he said, "I hate you, Captain Bernard, as much as I love her—my mistress, whom you are destroying!"

Lucy, summoned by Latour, flew into the room, and rushed to her insensible parent. Lucy was stirred to the inner depths of her pure soul at the outrage she suspected.

"Captain Hugh Bernard," she said, as, slowly, Lady Marsden recovered under the tender attention of her daughter, "you have killed her!"

"Killed her? Nonsense! Our business was somewhat exciting in its nature, and she is an invalid. I am sorry that she should be so easily affected, but business is business, and what am I to do?"

"Forbear to tyrannize over a helpless lady," retorted

Lucy. "If I were a man—oh! I could lash you, Captain Bernard!"

"Thank you, young lady," responded the other, only slightly wincing under the taunting threat. "When you grow older, you will probably be more prudent. You may be in my clutch some day; and mine" he continued, condensing the words between his lips and teeth—"mine is a grasp of steel!"

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed ten.

"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Bernard; "how quickly the hours fly! Be good enough to see after my horse, Latour."

Antony delightedly left the apartment for the purpose, as Lady Marsden, slowly rescued from her fainting trance, awoke once more to consciousness. The first object she recognized was the dull eyes of Bernard gazing upon her. She eagerly motioned him away.

"Your presence distresses my mother. I beg you will leave us together."

Decisively Bernard pushed the will before her, and placed the pen in her hand.

"Shall I summon the witnesses?" he calmly inquired.

Lady Marsden, with a quick, impetuous dash, flung the pen beneath the grate.

"Go!" cried Lucy. "If threats are useless, will prayers be of no avail? Go, Captain Bernard—I implore you, go."

"Hark ye, Lady Marsden!" answered Bernard, leaning over the prostrate Lucy, "I must depart by the express which leaves at 12:5. Unless by that time, even though it be on the very platform, I receive the will, signed and witnessed, on my arrival in London, I will, I swear it, reveal all."

Lady Marsden sank back in the chair, sobbing with terror.

"Go, go," cried Lucy, "lest my lips curse you for my mother's death!"

"Your horse is ready," interposed Latour; "and here, sir, is your coat and hat."

Bernard slowly took them—walked to the door.

"Remember!" he said, turning round as he left, "remember, Lady Marsden, the *Will* or the *Fate!*"

"Thank Heaven, he's gone! Mother, he has left us."

A soft sigh of relief.

"I would be alone, Lucy and Latour," murmured Lady Marsden. "I want to think—to still my beating brain—and think."

Sadly, and sorrowfully, the *young girl* and the creole left her to herself. She glanced up at the clock. It was a quarter-past ten. The terrible threat—none save her knew how terrible—made her shiver with apprehension. What would become of her—of her only child—the beautiful, loveable Lucy? And yet, to place her in the power of that man, so destitute in heart, so wicked in plan, so relentless in execution! And her fingers almost unconsciously strayed towards the document. She drew it towards her, and perused it once again. Yes, she was not deceived. Lucy in his power? Never!

Onward ticked the clock, moment by moment. Eleven—half-past. She refused still to sign. She knew the remorseless cruelty with which he would exact the penalty. But then to-morrow? She and Lucy—above all, Lucy! Her resolution was taken on the impulse of an instant, and the victory belonged to Bernard. She hurriedly added a few lines to the document, and rang the bell.

"Not you, Lucy," she said. "Latour and Mrs. Francis."

The creole speedily came with the old housekeeper. Bernard had marked in pencil the places where they were to affix their names.

"You will witness my signature," she said.

Latour bowed; but there was a sorrow in his heart, for he felt that Bernard had conquered. The names were written. Hurriedly Lady Marsden blotted and folded it, and arose.

"Whither do you go, my mistress?" inquired the creole.

"Out, Latour. I shall not be long."

"In the chill of this evening, and you so pale and ill?"

"It must be, Latour."

"I will accompany you."

"No. I will make a last appeal to his cold heart. I must go alone."

She rose up, gathered her heavy shawl about her head, and left.

"Mother!" said Lucy.

"Do not stay me, child. I shall return soon."

They saw the attempt to change her resolution was useless, so in silence they followed her into the hall. Latour, in all the impulse of his tropical temperament, almost wept with vexation. Lucy was silent. Latour preceded his mistress, and flung open the door of the lovely Grange.

"Look, my mistress!" he exclaimed, eagerly beckoning her to the spot.

She started, and turned for a moment away. There, on the pathway, right before the door, was the Fate of the Marsdens. The circle of moonlight, and the shadow of the sword within. Unheeding the warning, or rather trampling it down, Lady Marsden hid her face in her shawl, and passed over it, as it vanished, into the chill, raw night.

TO BE CONTINUED

QUOIT TOURNAMENT IN NEW YORK.

Benefit to a Veteran Player.

THE quoit-tournament announced in last week's CLIPPER to be for the benefit of the veteran player and respected professional of the New York Normal Quoit Club, Mr. Geo. Dunning, came off on Thursday last, on the grounds of the latter club, corner of 8th street and Broadway. The attendance was excellent, most of the prominent players of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City being present, although we regretted to notice the absence of Messrs. Maclaren, of Newark; Kellogg, and Gibson, the champion player, who had promised to be on hand. Among those who came to give the veteran the benefit of their presence and patronage were Messrs. Lyons, Jersey City; Smith, Patterson; Windle, Crossley, Hudson and Lindsey, of Brooklyn; Yellowley, Sharp, Clifton, Curzey, Magregor, Smith, Howell, etc., New York. The pitching consisted principally of match games between parties selected from the above players, and commenced at 11 o'clock, A. M., and continuing without interruption until darkness rendered further play impossible. A match game between Messrs. Lyons and Macgregor, on the one side, against Messrs. Yellowley and Smith, terminated in favor of the former; the game standing 25 to 3. A second game between the same parties resulted in the victory of the previous winners, their opponents never scoring a point in the game. Both grounds were kept going all throughout the day, and the players and spectators alike appeared to enjoy the day's pleasant recreation, while the beneficiaire appeared highly gratified at the attendance of so many of his old friends.

QUOIT MATCH.—On Tuesday, Oct. 18th, a four-handed quoit match between Messrs. Sharp and Clifton on the one side, and Messrs. Yellowley and Dunham on the other, came off at the Normal Quoit Grounds, corner of 8th street and Broadway. The stake played for was a supper and fixings for a dozen, the losing side being entitled to the privilege of paying for the same. When game was called the score stood as follows: Messrs. Clifton and Sharp 41; Yellowley and Dunning 31; the former thus winning by 10 points. The return game between the same parties comes off on the same ground on Thursday afternoon, 27th inst.

QUOIT MATCH AT BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—The match between the well-known veteran player, Sam. Southard, of this city, and Jerry Roberts, of Newark, for $50 a side, seven yards distance, comes off on Friday afternoon, 28th inst. Both parties have to be on the ground by 1 o'clock, P. M., or the money down ($10 a side) will be forfeited by the person not on hand at that time. Persons intending being present can reach the place either by the Morris & Essex Railroad, foot of Cortlandt street, or by the horse cars from Newark.

THE NEWBURGH REGATTA.—We have received several enquiries respecting the recent regatta at Newburgh, a report of which failed to appear in our columns. This omission was caused by the fact that the proceedings connected with the principal race of the regatta, that between the four-oared boats, the "Stranger," of Poughkeepsie, and the "Frank G. Wood," of Newburgh, were of a very questionable character, and we were desirous of making further investigation into the matter. The race for lads under 18 years of age was won by Ellis Ward (a brother of Josh's), beating George Ferdon, of Milton, by three lengths in 28 minutes; distance three miles. The single scull race was won by Gil Ward, beating his brother Josh. Ward (second), and John Biglin a bad third; time, 44 min. 54 secs.; distance, five miles. The third race for fishing skiffs was won by Wash Moser and J. Taylor, beating John Sarvis and W. ...aley (second) and L. Sarvis and R. McCauley (third) in 38min. ...secs. The four oared race was won by the Newburgh boat "Frank G. Wood," rowed by Josh. and Gil. Ward, Charles Sar... and T. Donohue beating the "Stranger," rowed by William ...vens, Homer Wooden, W. Burger and E. Benoway, in *forty-five* ...utes. The winners broke off their outriggers soon after start... and rowed the greatest part of the race *with three oars*. Com... is unnecessary.

...BOUT A BOAT RACE AT COLD SPRINGS.—POUGHKEEPSIE, Oct. 22d, ...—ED. N. Y. CLIPPER: We wish to acquaint your readers, especially that portion who admire fair shell boat racing, of the meanness of some Cold Springs sporting men. Last week two men, named respectfully De Lainey and McKeel, rowed a race at the above place for the sum of $200. It was agreed that they should start at the firing of a pistol. When they got in line, the person whose office it was to fire the pistol exclaimed: "Are you ready?" and then pulled the trigger, the cap only exploding, but both men starting, the favorite of the Cold Springs men taking a good lead; after getting some distance, he was passed by his competitor and beaten. Now the Cold Springs gentry refuse to give up the betting money *because the pistol did not go off*. What do you think of such shabby business? These sporting men of Cold Springs *bet two to one* on their man when they found he took the lead, and yet when they found he was beaten, would not, nor have not yet given up the money. We would say to all shell boat rowers, avoid Cold Springs. MANY SPORTING MEN.

THAT TWO PAIR SCULLS RACE that was expected to take place between J. Brannigan and R. Ellis, and the Webb Brothers, has not been on the docket, it being a clear case of back down on the part of the Webbs, as they failed to cover Brannigan and Co.'s 50 "chucks," left with us some time since, but which has now been returned. Our web-footed friends don't seem to take kindly to water.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT SECAUCUS, N. J.—On Wednesday, 26th inst., there will be several pigeon shooting matches take place at the new Hoboken Race Course Hotel, Secaucus, which are likely to afford plenty of sport to the lovers of the trigger. The first match is between Messrs. John Ludlow and D. Kelly, against Messrs. Carroll and Wheatley; eleven birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 yds. boundary. The second is between Mr. J. B. Sheldon, the host of the hotel, and Mr. M. Francis; nine birds each; the same parties also shoot another match on the termination of the other. The train leaving foot of Chambers-street at 11:45, A. M., carries passengers to the course in ample time to witness the sport, which commences at 1 o'clock, P. M., precisely.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

MINSTREL MANAGER.—The first man that ever appeared before a public audience with burnt cork on his face, was Mr. Graupner (or Grampner) a member of the old Federal Street Theatre company, Boston. On the 30th of Dec., 1799, a piece called "Oronoko; or, The Royal Slave," was produced at that theatre, and at the end of the second act there is a "Song of the Negro Boy," and Mr. G. appeared and sung it. So great was the applause given to the song, that he had to bring in his little bench and sing his story over and over, again and again. The second person was an Albany, N. Y. actor, known as Pot Pie Herbert. He wrote and sang a song called "The Battle of Plattsburg," and sung it in character in a Boston theatre in 1814. George Nichols was the third person; he was a clown attached to Western circuses, and Purdy Brown's Theatre. He appeared in 1827. He was the original Jim Crow, and sang it first as a clown and afterwards as a negro. He was the author of "Zip Coon," and was the first to sing "Clare de Kitchen" and "Picayune Butler." T. D. Rice was the next man; he jumped "Jim Crow" the first time at Louisville, Ky., in 1829. Frank Brower, Dan Emmett, Billy Whitlock, and Dick Pelham were the first persons to organize a minstrel band in this country, in 1842.

C. C. M., Marlboro, Mass.—1. Bob Travers, or Nat Langham's Black, as he is called, has fought fifteen battles in the P. R. and received forfeit once, as follows:—Draw with Geo. Baker, Oct. 29, 1855; beat Baker, Nov. 3, 1855; beat Jesse Hatton, Feb. 5, 1856; beat George Crockett, May 13, 1856; beaten by Job Cobley, Aug. 19, 1856; beat Cleghorn, Jan. 20, 1857; beat Bill Hayes, May 13, 1857; beaten by Bob Brettle, Jan. 27, 1858; received forfeit from Johnny Walker, May 25, 1858; beat Mike Madden, April 5, 1859; beaten by Jem Mace, Feb. 21 and 22, 1860; fought Crutchley, April 30, 1861; beat Bos Tyler Dec. 12, 1861; beaten by Reardon, July 15 and 16, 1862; beaten by Dillon, Aug. 11, 1863. 2. Jem Ward was Champion from 1825 to 1833. Those dates embrace the time you mention. 3. Yes, we have those numbers at 10 cents per copy.

R. E. B., Uhrichville.—1. The instruments most required in a minstrel band are bones, tamborine, banjo, first and second violin, violoncello, double base, cornet, flute, clarionet, triangle, guitar. 2. The popular comic songs are "Tapioca," "Babylon is Fallen," "Polly Perkins," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Grocery Merchant," and "Kingdom Coming." The most popular sentimental songs at present are, "Willie has Gone to the War," "Jenny June," "Thou art so near and yet so far," "Annie Lisle," "Write a letter to my Mother," "Brother's Fainting at the Door." The quartetts are "Come where my love lies Dreaming," "Sleep Gentle Lady," "Fill High the Brimmer." Mr. P. B. Isaacs, 1274 Broadway, can furnish you with any of the above.

REEREE, Waterford, N. Y.—"A bets B $10 on a certain event, in the hearing of J; the money is deposited in a stakeholder's hand, but soon after is drawn by consent of both parties, unbeknown to J, he having left before the money was drawn. Soon after J meets H, and says A and B have made a bet (stating the above); H says they have not; J says I saw the bet made, and will bet you $5 they have, which H accepts. H was aware of the money being drawn, and claims the money on the grounds that it was no bet, as the money was drawn. Who wins, J or H?" ......J wins, for A and B had certainly made a wager; the fact that the money was subsequently drawn does not affect J's position.

E. W. L., Fort Phœnix, Fairhaven.—"1. A bets that two belts were raised, one by the English friends of Heenan for Heenan, one by the American friends of Sayers for Sayers. B contends that the belts were raised without distinction of parties. 2. Were these belts ever raised and presented to them, if so when and where."......1. B is right; the belts were subscribed for without distinction of parties. 2. They were publicly presented to Heenan and Sayers at the Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square, London, May 30, 1860. It might be well to state that Heenan headed the subscription for Sayers' belt, and Sayers did the like for Heenan's.

A READER.—1. Mr. John E. Owens' engagement commenced at the Broadway Theatre, Sept. 5th. He commenced the second week of his engagement with the comedy of "The Victims" and Solon Shingle, and has appeared in those characters only, every night since, to the largest audiences ever seen in that theatre. 2. We have no doubt but what the receipts have averaged $700 a night during his engagement. That the receipts reached $904 one night we do know. 3. When Wallack had this theatre there were only 85 orchestra chairs, now there are 235.

CODFISH BALLS.—1. The Brooklyn Academy seats comfortably, 2215 persons. 2. General McClellan was never a member of Congress. During the Crimean war he was sent by the government to make observations, and obtain information concerning military operations in that quarter. 3. The lady was married to Heenan, but was divorced a couple of years ago. 3. Kate was born in Boston, in April, 1840.

MONTAGUE.—"Does a person betting on a sure thing lose the bet—and what is a sure thing? For instance, J bets N that such a trot took place between such and such horses, etc., J being there and seeing the trot. Does he, J, lose for betting on a sure thing?"......No, he does not lose. The "sure thing dodge" is exploded.

HOME VOTE, N. Y.—"What is the distance from Castle Garden, Battery, to the light house this side of Staten Island and back; or, in other words, how many miles did Walker and Peach row in their recent race at the Battery?"......The distance, there and back, is 11½ miles.

H. H.—"A bet B $100 on the Turner and Kerrigan fight, the money to go as the stakes go. There being no fight, does A win the money?"......As the stipulation was for the outside wager to go with the stakes, of course the man who bet on Kerrigan wins the money.

J. M. P., Washington, D. C.—1. Robert T. Conrad wrote the play of "Jack Cade;" he was at one time Mayor of the city of Philadelphia. 2. "Metamora" was written by A. Stone. 3. Helen Western is still living.

J. R., Hartford, Ct.—"A and B are playing cribbage, A plays a 4, B 7, A 3, B 3, A 5, B 6, A 2. Can A claim a run from the last card played, or does the 2d tray played by B stop the run?"...... The second tray knocks the sequence into a "cocked hat."

SAM GORDEN, Fort Abercrombie.—Your CLIPPER is mailed regularly every week from this office and no mistake. If you do not receive it, 'tis because the Post Office clerks like it too well to part with it.

H. CAMPBELL, Army of Potomac.—Your note is before us. Your friend Grindell called upon us a day or two since; he is enjoying himself to the full. We shall be pleased to learn that you have commenced to issue passes to the Petersburgh Theatre.

G. A. P., Chattanooga.—1. Junius Brutus Booth, lately arrived from California, is an elder brother of Edwin and J. Wilkes Booth. 2. J. Wilkes Booth was in this city last week laying idle. 3. Items always acceptable.

SOLDIER, Camp on the Weldon R. R., Va.—"1. Is Harry Brunton a native of Ireland? 2. If one prize fighter has the other across the ropes, is it foul to keep him there if it does endanger his life?"......1. We believe he is an Irishman. 2. Yes.

W. C., Philadelphia.—1. The lady is *not* married. 2. Born in Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng., June 7, 1843. 3. It is a matter of opinion as to who is the best Hamlet on the stage.

J. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. The Jack is counted as soon as turned up, whether the cards hold out or not. 2. Johnny Mackey is in England with the Coburn party.

LITTLE MAC, Lancaster, Ohio.—1. "Fistiana" gives the rules of the P. R. 2. There are two or three leaving this port every week. 3. Tom Sayers is an Englishman by birth.

PHILADELPHIA.—If discovered after the trump is turned that either player has two few or too many cards, there must be a new deal, the dealer losing his privilege.

A. B., Detroit.—"How long is it since the steamer City of Glasgow left Liverpool on her last voyage before being lost?" ......The City of Glasgow left Liverpool March 1, 1854.

W. F. F., Washington.—Mrs Barney Williams appeared on the stage as an actress when she was Mrs. Mestayer—which was previous to 1844.

ROUND.—1. The preparation used is a mixture of horseradish, vinegar, alum and rosin. 2. There is no rule of measurement in the case.

J. C. B., near Petersburg.—We have none of the papers left, but the treatise may be found in "Walker's Manly Exercises," which some of our book advertisers may procure for you.

G. S. J., Lockport.—"Did Alec Keene ever beat Bill Hayes, and the time and place?"......Yes; Sept. 3, 1850, Forest of Dean, in 45 rounds, 1 hour 25 minutes. Hayes fell without a blow.

HYPERCOON.—1. The *Herald* has the largest circulation. 2. She is married. 3. The New Bowery, probably, which will hold over four thousand persons.

WM. J. HUMPHRIES, Douglas Hospital, Washington.—Five dollars is the subscription for the CLIPPER one year. We do not give any prizes.

LOVER OH, Philadelphia.—Miss Effie is *not* as good a burlesque actress as Mrs. Wood. We believe Effie is engaged for one of the New Orleans theatres.

GUNTHER, Chicago.—You had better make application to some minstrel manager by letter. You would stand a poor chance to get such a situation in this city.

M. D., South Boston.—That kind of business is not in our line. We do not procure situations for parties. Make application to theatrical agents, some of whom advertise in the CLIPPER.

ONE OF THEM, Nashville.—Your letters arrive every week too late for that week's issue, and the items are too old to be of any use for the following week.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Sing Sing.—The news of the fight between Heenan and Sayers arrived here several hours *before* 12 M. on Saturday.

H. K., Coxackie.—There were 42 rounds actually fought between Heenan and Sayers. In the 43d, no blow was struck. Heenan and King fought 24 rounds.

LOOKER ON, Baltimore.—You cannot be a very attentive "constant reader," or you would have noticed items in the CLIPPER every week about affairs in your city. Items always acceptable.

BERMUDA HUNDRED.—Tom Sayers never defeated Nat. Langham; they fought but once as antagonists, and in that fight Sayers was beaten.

EUGENIA, Huntsville, Ala.—There are preparations that will answer the purpose for a time, but nothing that will remove it beyond fear of its re-appearing.

NAPOLEON, Binghamton.—As he engaged to beat 12, and failed to do it, he loses the bet.

CLIPPER SUBSCRIBER.—If you are a little rusty, there's not much chance for you just now.

SPORT, Philadelphia.—If no agreement is made, straights do not count at all.

CONSTANT READER, Elizabeth.—We know of no place in New York where you can purchase an artificial tail for a horse.

MASON, Memphis.—The present Emperor of Russia, is a son of the late Nicholas 1st, his immediate predecessor.

W. H. S., Hartford.—The fastest time ever made by Ethan Allen and his running mate was 2:19¾.

C. W., Boston.—"Was the famous trotter, George M. Patchen, a gelding or stallion?"......A stallion.

CHAS. ELLIOTT, Philadelphia.—We can send you the back numbers for 10 cents each.

W. M. STERLING, Marion, O.—An advertisement of ten lines will cost you $1.20 for one week, and $4.80 for one month.

T. O. H., Baltimore.—There are several here. If you send a letter, we will hand it to one of them.

B. L., Pittsburgh.—Write to one of the parties who advertise such things for sale.

MCGENNIS, Hartland, Vt.—Your first subscription expires with No. 32, and your last subscription No. 44 of the present vol.

J. D. K.—Flora Temple is alive, and is to be sold at public auction on the 25th inst., near Baltimore.

HALE, Newark.—You lose your vote if you bet on the election. Vote first, and bet afterwards if you feel so disposed.

SAM.—The New York Academy of Music will seat comfortably 2000 persons.

ROSEDALE, Havelock, Ill.—To the best of our knowledge the gentleman is not married.

INQUIRER, Lafayette, Ind.—You can get a pair of bones at any musical store, or where musical instruments are for sale.

A. F., Chattanooga, Tenn.—We do not know his present address, but will advertise the letter for him.

MIKE NOONAN, Brooklyn.—A pair of 25 lbs. each Kehoe's Indian Clubs, await your order at this office.

WISCONSIN.—Send to Charley White, care of 444 Broadway, for negro farces.

J. B., Cleveland.—The acceptance should have been made at the time; we have lost track of the challenge.

H. H. SMITH, U. S. S. Powhattan, Hampton Roads.—Your subscription expires with the present number of the present volume.

LAFAYETTE, Pittsburgh.—He cannot demand the cards overturned.

J. COOPER, N. Y.—The dominoe having been exposed must be played.

C. C., Lockport, N. Y.—The $1.20 not received.

R. S. V.—Sam Freeman, the colored boxer, died a few years ago.

W. G., Detroit.—For three months, as it stands, $10.

THE PUGILISTIC FIZZLE.

BY later advices from London, we perceive that the stakeholder in the Coburn and Mace match had given notice that neither man can claim the stakes, under the circumstances, and advises them *to fight in England*. Mace has rushed into print as fast as he rushed away from Dublin the day before that fixed for the fight, and boastingly asserts that Coburn never intended to fight. Apparently on the strength of Mace's card, *Bell's Life* and the *Sporting Life* seek to throw the blame of the fizzle altogether upon Coburn, but there is nothing to support them in their allegations. On the contrary, nearly all the evidence adduced points to Mace as the cause of the disappointment. When the Mace party lost the choice of ground, they determined to break up the match altogether. Mace, on the Sunday and Monday previous to the time fixed for the match, publicly exhibited himself at Monkstown and other places in Ireland, and as if for the express purpose of attracting the attention of the constabulary, he showed himself at one of the public houses, to a crowd of gaping outsiders; he ran foot races, in public, on rough roads, and cut up other shindies which no man who meant fighting would have thought of doing. Everybody knew where to find Mace, except those in the vicinity of the fighting-ground—his movements were no secret. Coburn, on the contrary, kept himself quiet, in order to elude police attention; when some busybody succeeded in nosing out his training-quarters, he sought others, and, in that way, managed to elude observation up to the very 4th of October. In fact, so completely were the peelers and others thrown off his track, that they were looking for him at a dozen places at the very moment that Joe was concealed in close proximity to Goold's Station, only awaiting the arrival of Mace, to come out and enter the ring; and, until a very short time before he did emerge from his hiding place, our own reporter, even, was unable to ferret him out. Joe meant fighting, Mace evidently did not. As we have all along believed, Mace did not fancy the idea of fighting in Ireland. Coburn went three thousand miles to meet him, but Mace had not the nerve to fight anywhere except in England. To show that the gentleman proposed by Coburn as referee was not objectionable, we have but to say that Mace asserted that he would accept that gentleman *if the fight takes place in England*. That tells the whole story; it was the place that deterred Mace from fighting, and made him cut it so hurriedly from Dublin. We are a little surprised that only one man was named by each party for referee; there should have been a dozen names proposed on each side, but instead of that, each party offered one man, and there an end. The London papers seem desirous of having the affair brought off in England, alleging that it will be an impossibility to get it off in Ireland; that it will never take place in Ireland, we believe, for Mace will not fight there; and it is to be hoped that Coburn, as matters now stand, will not be tempted into fighting in England. The match was made with the express understanding that it should be decided in Ireland; it is not Coburn's fault that it was not so decided; he trained for it there; selected the spot there; kept out of the way of everybody but his trainers; was in good condition on the 4th, and anxious to meet Mace; but on the day set apart for the meeting, while Coburn was on the ground, Mace had taken the back track, and was hurrying back to London. Mace has not enhanced his reputation by his conduct in this affair; on the contrary, many of his former friends and supporters bitterly denounce him.

For our special's latest letter, and extracts from English and Irish papers, see elsewhere in this issue of the CLIPPER.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE OF A CELEBRATED PEDESTRIAN.—John Grindell, the well-known Champion Ten Mile Runner, has been in the Union army between three and four years, formerly with the 14th Brooklyn, and latterly with the 5th New York, in all of which time he has done the Union cause good service. The following congratulatory order, which we take great pleasure in placing before the readers of the CLIPPER, is one among the many evidences of Mr. Grindell's efficiency:

HEADQUARTERS 1st Brigade, 2d Division, 5th Army Corps, October 11th, 1864.

Special Order, No. 48.—During the demonstrations made against the enemy on the 8th inst., it having become necessary to ascertain, through scouts, the position of the enemy in our front, Private John Grindell, Co. K, 5th N. Y. V., volunteered to undertake the performance of this extremely hazardous duty, which he performed successfully, and to the entire satisfaction of the Colonel commanding the Brigade, who commends him for his courage on that occasion, and the able manner in which he performed his duty. By command of Col. Winthrope,

WM. J. BROATCH,
2d Lieut. 10th U. S. In'y, and A. A. A. General.

TO BE RAFFLED on Thursday evening, Oct. 27th, 1864, a splendid oil painting representing "Leopard Hunt," by Paul De Vose, the most celebrated painter in the country, to be seen at the Grapes Hotel, 17 Crosby street. Tickets to be had at the bar. 80 chances at $10 each. 29-1t*

CARICATURES.—Stephens, of 400 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has just issed some very laughable caricatures of card size, suited to the season. See his advertisement.

CHESS AND CHECKERS crowded out this week. Will be given in our next.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—Victor Estephe, the winner of the Champion Cue of the Keystone State, in the late tournament, is not to be allowed to rest on his laurels, for he has already been challenged, as will be seen by the subjoined paragraph: "Philadelphia, October 14, 1864. I hereby challenge the winner of the Champion Billiard Cue of the State of Pennsylvania, Victor Estephe, to play me a match game of billiards, 1200 points up, caroms, on a Phelan table, according to the rules of the Pennsylvania Billiard Club, for one hundred dollars a side and the Champion Cue; the match to come off in Pennsylvania some time during the month of December, 1864. R. T. RYALL."

WELCOME HOME.—Mr. George Phelan, the son of the veteran billiard player, has recently returned from California, where he has been doing business successfully for the firm of Phelan and Collender, for two years past. His health has been much improved by his sojourn in the Golden State. He will now remain here and prove a strong addition to the business forces of the above-named firm.

MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY is a comical sheet indeed, and just the document to have in your pocket as a preventive or cure of an attack of blue devils, lemoncholy or hypochondriaclacic dumps. $1 will get it for a year, and 50 cents for three months, of W. H. Burroughs, No. 118 Fulton street, N. Y. They are giving away $100 for best puzzles. Buy this number and see for yourselves.

A DOGOGRAPHIC CONTROVERSY will be decided on November 21st, within 100 miles of New York, for $1000 a side. Harry Jennings and John Welch are the owners of the canines.

A CANINE CONTEST between the Philadelphia dog Jack and Blue Dick was fought in San Francisco recently for $100 a side, at 28 lbs., which the latter won.

THE GRAND PRIX IMPERIAL of 10,450 francs run for on September 25th, at Paris, was won by Count de Lagrange's Fille de l'Air.

THE MACE AND COBURN AFFAIR.

FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.
NEW YORK HOTEL, LONDON, Saturday, Oct. 8, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN: Mace has for the third time proved himself everything else but a game man, in bolting from Ireland for fear of encountering the man sent over to try and get square, some way or other, for the two fights Heenan was robbed out of.

While Coburn stood his ground like a man, showed himself in the ring, and gave Mace a week to redeem his character, and the choice of ground in Ireland, the "cleverest man in England" has shown the white feather most unmistakably by beating an ignominious retreat the very day before fighting. And yet, in spite of this cowardice, the London sporting journals are doing all they can, in the way of manufacturing ideas to suit themselves and their idol, to bolster up some kind of an excuse for Mace's want of pluck. The Gipsy no sooner finds himself in perfidious Albion than he (or, rather, somebody else for him) rushes into print with a lot of barefaced falsehoods, which his organs are too glad to publish, in the face of the groans and hisses which have been aimed at him by the Irish people *viva voce*.

It is the old story—a put-up job to get Coburn over there, make a wrangle of it, and *insist on his fighting in England*, which he will never do—at least not in a ring, but when he meets Mace, if a favorable opportunity offers itself, no matter where, the pet of the press gang, who can see no faults on his side, will have to square himself and put up his hands.

The American people have long since given up all hopes of impartiality from the British press, when one of their own people has to encounter any other person not a Saxon, and you will therefore take the accounts of the Mace and Coburn affair for what they are worth. It is fortunate indeed that somebody is here to give the lie to their bombast, or, looking at matters from a British point of view, Coburn would be a ruined and disgraced man, instead of a hero, and a brave one, too.

It's all a pack of nonsense about Mace's being "disappointed at not being permitted to fight Coburn," as he has the audacity to assert in his first specimen of letter writing—had he said it was the happiest moment in his life when he found that by a slimy, contemptible method, which no other man professing to be a fighter would have done, he has partially crawled out of it under the protecting shelter of his allies in the sporting newspaper business, people would have believed him. Even here, when speaking of the runaway, people say, "Well, it's not the first, nor the second time he's done it," and notwithstanding the blarney of having Irish blood in his veins, he lacks grit sufficient to fight an Irishman in Ireland, or an Irishman in America—he'll "fight him in the London district"—oh! yes! and "show him fair play," etc., but he hasn't the heart to fight twenty miles away from home, where the mob cannot be on his side. And this is what they call courage! Pshaw! it creates nausea to think of such a humbug.

As far as Mace's undergoing a course of training is concerned, that may be—he could afford that, considering the amount of money people have stood in the match, of which I am afraid, should a draw be declared, nobody will get a penny but Mace himself, as that's his gait; but when he states that Coburn never was in training—after that, I shouldn't like to take his word in a court of justice. Supposing Joe had been careless, one would think that Mace would have taken every opportunity to get on a fight, as the job would be certainly a much easier one for him, and here as in other places he makes himself look extremely ridiculous.

When Mace said that the proposed referee was a brother-in-law of Coburn's he knew it was false, and so did all the reporters, yet having nothing against the man's character as an honorable man, they concocted this story to suit their own books. Their man was immaculate—very much so indeed: when Heenan and King fought he had gold dust or something else in his eyes, for he could see nothing except when King's chances were all serene, at all other times he was blind—he'd have made a very nice referee, Smith would; he had consented to act before I ever saw the man, or any of us in fact, but we had heard tell of him, and that was enough. As to their agreeing upon me to fill the office, no such thing ever was intended; the proposition was made in a sneering, sarcastic tone, as much as to say, "don't you wish you may get it?" Had I said yes, they would have laughed contemptuously, and probably added, "We thought so," and that we wanted everything our own way. Everybody looked at it in that light at the time, and now Mace is bouncing about offering us our own referee, etc., but it won't wash with you if it appears to here.

Every conceivable method has been availed of to injure the American party, and where a week or so ago the Editor of the *Sporting Life*, a confidential and bosom friend of Mace's, declared positively that there would be no fight *in Ireland*, he now tries to lay the blame on Coburn's shoulders. The stakeholder and all the representatives of the press openly stated their conviction that it would never come off except in England. The whole affair looks like a conspiracy, and the manner in which Coburn was hunted by the police shows that they desired his arrest above all things, and because he didn't make a show of himself by stripping and sparring in front of a looking glass, or out of an open window before four or five hundred people as Mace did, the English press—not one of whom saw him the whole time during his training, because to avoid the police he allowed none but his most confidential friends to know of his whereabouts—swear that he never trained! Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel. Mace did all this and more too—he actually exhibited himself at Island Bridge the afternoon before the day set apart for the fight, which shows plainly that however much they may prate about their willingness to do this or that, they never intended fighting in Ireland. What business had Mace there when he could have been hidden away in some private house near where the ring was pitched, if he had any idea of entering a ring? He knew as well as anybody the danger to be incurred by such a course, as the tavern was filled with policemen, and on the line of railway, the only way he could get there then, constables were placed at every station, so that it was a moral certainty he meant sneaking out of it. When he got the office from his pals, he seemed as happy as a man could possibly be, and drove into town again, went on a spree, showed at Pickard's and the Queen's Theatre, and wound up by getting into a quarrel with a harmless cab driver—after this he made himself scarce, took the mail boat for Holyhead, and made the best of his way home. The people in Dublin, Tipperary and Limerick are very much incensed at his course, and whenever he shows at either of these places his reception will be very hot.

Coburn, on the contrary, has made, and is making hosts of friends every day, including such men as Lord Haywarden, Sir John Grey, Captain Boyd, and other prominent men, who have for him to testify their admiration of his pluck in coming such a distance to fight an English Champion, and then making him cow down without having to strike a blow. Joe could take a benefit in every town and city in Ireland, where Mace dare not show his nose. This will show the state of feeling, and the disgust expressed on every Irishman's face whenever the name of Mace is mentioned.

I mentioned about the alarm the English press felt when I gave every reporter in Dublin to understand that Coburn and his seconds would be in the ring at the time specified, and their deputising Westhall to act for all, but I forgot to mention the dirty trick he played on us. Westhall was the only man from the London press who had seen Coburn since he was trained, and when Joe entered the ring, Westhall acknowledged that he looked in magnificent condition, and promised to contradict the lying assertions about Cusick having left him, his having done no work, etc., etc., but he played Judas, and incorporated in his own report the same story as the rest, as well as perpetrating one of the most barefaced falsehoods in telegraphing the result of his observations. Westhall had the impudence to telegraph that 100 policemen were present when Joe threw his cap in the ring. Any blockhead would, if he thought for a moment, know this to be a lie on the face of it, on account of there having been a warrant issued for his arrest, but sometimes people don't think, and by this they fancy that it would have been impossible to bring the fight off. Whether so or not, Westhall himself publicly stated, in all our hearing, that it was a pity Mace wasn't there, for they could have had a dozen rounds or so, and that would have been some satisfaction, but on leaving Ireland (they all had to keep civil while there), he spins out a terrible story, exactly opposite from the above.

I will show how they could and would have fought had Mace put in his appearance—all the constabulary were stationed along the line of railway, and not inland, while the ring was pitched three quarters of a mile from any station, and in that three quarters of a mile there was not a policeman to be seen, Westhall's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding; providing there was an informer in the camp, it would take him the best part of an hour to notify the "peelers," and between the hours of 12 and 2 P. M., when the men were to have been in the ring, the excitement had died away; the Tipperary lads thought it was to come off early in the morning, and waited till their patience was exhausted, and they thought there would be no fight. Actually, after all the great preparations made by the authorities, had Mace been on the ground they could have fought—Coburn would then have given him almost anybody Mace chose for referee, except the party proposed last Monday, and Cusick said they could fight without a referee as well as with one, for no wrong would have been permitted, unless Bos Tyler or Jerry Noon, who bought a couple of horse pistols to protect themselves with in Dublin, had started the ball. It was not to be, though—Dowling was stakeholder, and drew up the articles, but not as Cusick wished; Jim requested to have them down line for line as in the book, except changing the names, dates, etc., but was told that the present ones were equally as binding and perfect in every respect. Something was said at the time about the selection of a referee, and when the editor suggested the advisability of choosing him the day before the fight, he had no objection to raise, but told him that if they couldn't agree it would have to take its usual course, and the men be chosen on the ground, as is done in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and up till now this was never mentioned. It seems, when they lost the toss for choice of ground, it broke their hearts, and Mace determined to seize on any little pretext to get out of it, in which he was seconded by the London press, who have all along felt galled because Coburn didn't make a puppet show of himself, and let them have all the information, dancing attendance on them, writing letters, etc.—they were jealous that the sister Isle (for which they haven't much affection, if one may judge by the scurrilous attacks on the institutions and people of Dublin in their papers) should monopolize all the news, but had it been made to come off in the London district, this "difficulty" would pass unnoticed, and matters take their usual course. They went through the ceremony of going to Dublin, etc., to give a genuine appearance to the thing. The only man who kicked in the traces was Brunton, and he got very mad at Mace when he informed him that he didn't even intend to go to the ground, called him a cur, etc., and now they are at loggerheads.

To say that Coburn didn't mean business after leaving a good saloon, and losing heavily in exchange, sending for his uncle and brothers, taking two men out to train and look after him, at an expense of thousands and thousands of dollars, when he had a first rate reputation at home; to suppose that he would come such a distance and have his friends do the same for the sake of going through a course of training, and denying himself every luxury, away from society in a thatched hut, with nothing but work, work, work, is simply absurd, and no sensible man will pay any heed to the bigoted arguments put forth by the London press, who know no more, except from surmise, about Joe Coburn, than they do of American geography, which is mighty little.

Bell's Life sneers at the telegraph message sent from Dublin to the effect that, according to the rules, it was customary to have the affair settled the same week, and although to all intents and purposes it was settled when Coburn showed in the ring, to give Mace another chance, he offered to fight him any day in the week ending Oct. 8, and give him his own choice of ground in Ireland, but nowhere else—this was more to be commended than ridiculed, I should think. The parties refused to deliver the message, and now it is announced that all bets are off because it wasn't settled this week—that's done to save Mace and his friends. They have matters of this kind altogether their own way, and there's little chance for justice from any quarter. I wish the money had been put up in Dublin—then we should have had a fight for it.

I had barely time to scribble off this letter, having arrived from Dublin a few hours ago, and the latest mail closes at 6 P. M. Joe Coburn, Cusick, Mike and Jim Coburn, and Joe Goss are in Dublin, but will very likely be here on Monday evening. We shall then visit the newspaper offices and let them see whether our man isn't in condition or not. He looks splendidly, and felt very confident of victory had he fought. If matters are settled on Monday or Tuesday, I leave for home by the first steamer—if not, wait a little longer. Respectfully, R. J.

BURNING OF THE RIVERSIDE TROTTING PARK STABLES.

Loss of a Large Number of Valuable Horses.

On Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., about half-past 8 o'clock, a fire broke out in a large stable connected with the Riverside Trotting Park, at Longwood, near Cambridgeport, Mass., which involved the largest loss of valuable trotting stock that ever occurred in this country by fire. The annual agricultural fair at this place was in progress that week, and the number of fast horses present from various parts of the country was unusually large. During the afternoon of the day on which the fire occurred, at the conclusion of the race between the Boston horse Captain McGowan, (who recently attempted to trot twenty miles in the hour, on the Fashion Course, L. I., but failed,) and Rapid, the horses were attended to for the night and the stable was locked up. The lad who had charge of Pat, a well-known fast horse belonging to Mr. Osgood, of New York, discovered fire in the loft above, immediately over the stall of his horse. The flames almost immediately burst through the floor, and the lad ran to the nearest door to escape, but found it locked on the outside. Retracing his steps, the fire had spread so rapidly that he was obliged to rush through the flames to reach another door, in doing which he was very severely burned.

The alarm was given directly, the doors opened, and efforts made to rescue the horses, of which there were twenty-two in the stable at the time. Of these, five were got out, viz., Mr. H. C. Beckwith's celebrated horse Prince; Mr. Wm. Mead's Sorrell Dan; Mr. Waltermire's Henry Clay; Mr. Osgood's Pat, and Daniel Lambert. Prince was so badly burned, that his recovery is very doubtful, and his groom, George Sherman, was also so severely injured in his attempts to rescue the horse, that but faint hopes are entertained of his living. Sorrel Dan was also slightly burned; the others were unharmed.

The most valuable of the horses burned were Mr. Beckwith's pair, Belle of Hartford and Lady Litchfield; Mr. J. E. Maynard's, of Boston, Young Sultan and Mary Kimball; the former valued at $4000 and the latter at $6000; Mr. Osgood's Buchanan and mate, and the running mate of Pat; Mr. C. H. Blanchard's Gray Eagle; and Rapid. Mr. Osgood's team was borrowed by John Walton, the well-known driver, for exhibition at the fair, and their owner was very reluctant to loan them for the purpose, but was ultimately persuaded to do so. They were a most magnificent well-matched pair, and at the Saratoga meeting elicited, by their beauty and speed, universal admiration. The entire stock of costly harness, blankets, robes, etc., belonging to these horses, were entirely destroyed. The stable was upwards of one hundred feet in length, and two stories in height. The origin of the fire has not yet been ascertained.

FIVE MILES.—At the Riverside (Boston) Park, on the 19th inst., another novelty, in the shape of a five mile and repeat race, took place, two horses being entered, and both, for bottom, standing A 1. The judges elected to decide the contest were Messrs. J. A. Martin, E. Goodwin, and W. Mead. The horses—the roan gelding Captain McGowan and the brown gelding Rapid—were called up for the start shortly after 3 o'clock, and they got off on the second attempt, the roan having the inside place, but Bowen, the driver, giving the signal to the judges that he would go. On the second turn the brown went up, and his coming down was the worst thing his backers could think of, for he had to be pulled to a dead walk before he could get his gait again. After this he did some good trotting, but was not able to reach his antagonist, who trotted very finely, and won the heat in 13:51. On the second heat Bowen gave the "office" of the word, although some distance behind, and the roan trailed for a quarter of a mile, when he got the pole and kept it throughout the race, the brown going well and occasionally getting within "speaking" distance of him, but the roan won the heat easily in 14:26½. The whole race was interesting, and was enjoyed by all but the backers of the brown gelding, but there was so little betting on the final result that we might say all were in good spirits. The following is the official time made on each mile, and the result of the two heats, the race being for a purse of $800:—

	1st Mile.	2d Mile.	3d Mile.	4th Mile.	5th Mile.	Total.
1st heat	2:39½	2:46½	2:49½	2:44½	2:51¼	13:51
2d heat	2:48½	2:47½	2:54½	2:53	3:03	14:26½

RACING AT RICHMOND, VA.—In the *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch* of a recent date, we notice that the Broad Rock (Va.) Fall Races commence on October 28, and last four days. On the first day is a post stake, two mile heats, $2000 entrance, play or pay, with $1000 added. On the second day a similar post stake for three year olds, mile heats. On the third day a post stake for all ages, three mile heats, $2500 entrance, and on the fourth day a similar stake for three year olds, two mile heats, $2000 entrance, with $1200 added by the proprietor of the track. All entries to be made to Mr. D. McDaniel, the proprietor, at Richmond, Va.

THE TROTTING HORSE ROYAL GEORGE.—A post mortem examination of the remains of this well known trotting horse has been made by Dr. Parker. He found that one lung of the animal was entirely gone, and the other was in a state of disease, being filled with tubercles. The horse, which would trot in 2:24, and was valued at $12,000, had died from exhaustion. It is thought singular that he should have been able to make such fast "time" with only two thirds of a lung to do all the breathing.

AT MASON'S TROTTING PARK, Peekskill, they calculate to have some first class trotting and running races on November 1st. Liberal purses are offered for the above, as well as a purse of $50 for a two hundred yards foot race, free to all. Should the weather prove favorable, a numerous assemblage should be present to witness the sport.

AT THE RIVERSIDE PARK COURSE, Boston, Mass., an interesting trot took place on the 21st inst., of which the following is a summary:—Match, $500, mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

J. J. Bowen names blk m Blackstone Belle	1	1	1
Elisha Goodwin names ch m Lady Mace	2	2	2

Time, 2:42; 2:46; 2:43.

CRICKET.

MANHATTAN VS. NEW YORK.

AN enjoyable day was spent by these clubs in a match played on Tuesday, Oct. 18th, between the second eleven of the Manhattan and the third eleven of the New York club, the latter being a very strong team for an amateur party, owing to the increase in the number of playing members of the New York club this season. In the first innings the New Yorkers were got rid of for a comparatively small score, Crossley and Oakley taking the lead, the total being 39, of which these two scored 25 of them. On the Manhattan side the total obtained was 33, of which Russell and Chadwick obtained 20. In the second innings the New Yorkers got well in with the bat, and before they were all disposed of they had run up the large score of 148, which left the Manhattan eleven 154 to get to tie, and but two hours to do it in. They had obtained but 57 when their last wicket fell, Sebring's well-obtained 34 and Franklin's 9 being the best scores of the innings. This left the New Yorkers the victors by 97 runs. In the second innings of the New York eleven Crossley and Oakley got in together and completely mastered the bowling, Oakley getting 34, and afterwards Bull added 29 in style, Crossley carrying his bat out for 44, for which a complimentary purse was made up for him. Hall's 16 were well obtained, the batting of these four being a sample of third eleven batting skill not often seen in a match. Of the Manhattan fielding, two good catches by Love and Bishop were worthy of special notice. The following is the score:—

MANHATTAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Sebring, c White, b Beech	0	c Ayres, b Oakley	34
J. Tucker, c and b Oakley	1	b Oakley	2
Chadwick, b Beech	10	b Oakley	4
Franklin, l b w b Beech	0	b Beech	9
Livesey, run out	0	c Bull, b Oakley	2
Syms, b Oakley	0	b Oakley	1
Weston, not out	4	not out	3
Russell, c and b Beech	10	c Hudson, b Beech	0
Love, b Oakley	1	c and b Beech	0
Boyce, c Ayres, b Oakley	0	c White, b Oakley	0
Bishop, b Oakley	2	c White, b Oakley	0
Byes, 3; leg bye, 1; wide, 1	5	Bye, 1; wide, 1	2
Total	33	Total	57

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Oakley, c Livesey, b Syms	11	b Livesey	34
Knott, l b w b Syms	0	c Bishop, b Livesey	5
Hall, c Franklin, b Syms	0	b Livesey	16
T. Crossley, b Livesey	14	not out	44
Beech, c Sebring, b Livesey	0	c Love, b Livesey	5
Bull, b Syms	3	c Love, b Livesey	29
Ayres, c and b Syms	4	run out	0
Maddox, b Syms	0	c Sebring, b Love	1
Langford, b Syms	2	c Sebring, b Love	4
White, b Syms	0	c and b Livesey	1
Hudson, not out	1	c Sebring, b Livesey	1
Byes, 3; wide, 1	4	Byes, 3; wides, 5	8
Total	39	Total	148

PHILADELPHIA vs. CHIPPEWA.

A MATCH was played between the above clubs on Monday, Oct. 10th, and resulted in the defeat of the latter eleven. As many of the prominent players of the Chippewa Club are absent at the war, it was agreed that the Philadelphia Club should not present their full strength—this accounts for the absence of some of their best men. The general play on both sides was fair, the bowling of the Philadelphia Club being excellent, as was the fielding of the Chippewa. Their bowling was hardly up to the mark. The following is the score:—

CHIPPEWA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Jarvis b Hunt	10	c Gaskill b Hunt	4
Dingee b Hunt	0	not out	3
Wallace b Hunt	3	b Large	6
Willshaw c S. Vane b Hunt	4	b Hunt	5
Plucker run out	0	run out	0
Russell b Large	3	b Large	2
Maybin b Large	1	hit wicket b Hunt	1
Allen b Hunt	2	b Large	0
Wilkinson not out	0	b Hunt	1
Mills run out	0	b Large	1
Whelan absent	0	b Moffahn	0
Byes 2, leg byes 2, wides 4	8	Bye 1, wides 4	5
Total	31	Total	28

PHILADELPHIA.

G. Newhall b Wallace	2	S. Vane b Jarvis	0
Gaskill c S. Vane b Jarvis	0	Warner l b w b Jarvis	4
Magee run out	4	Moffahn not out	0
Hunt b Jarvis	12	Headman c Russell b Willshaw	0
Howe b Willshaw	17	Byes 5, wides 8, no ball 1	14
G. Newhall b Jarvis	6		
J. Large b Willshaw	7	Total	60

THE BOSTON CRICKET CLUB closed the season by playing a friendly match among its members on the grounds at East Cambridge, on the 20th inst. In the evening the Club sat down to an excellent supper at the Bromfield House, which would have been a very happy affair had it not been for the fact that Mr. Frank S. Crockett, the President of the Club, gave notice that this would be the last season that he should take an active part in Cricket. We emphatically protest against Mr. Crockett's resignation, and respectfully suggest that it be not accepted, for without his "aid and comfort," we fear that the sun of cricket, which has shone so brightly of late years in Boston, will soon go down. Gentlemen of the Club, keep Mr. Crockett's name on the books.

MANHATTAN VS. ORANGE.—The return match between the former cricket club of New York and the latter of Orange, N. J., was played on the 12th inst., at Hoboken, N. J. The Manhattanese won. A social time was much enjoyed by both clubs at the conclusion of the play.

THE RING.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs....................................$5 per pair
" 10 to 12 "....................................6 " "
Dumb Bells, from..............................$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.
All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 23-tf

TRY HARRY **JENNINGS'**

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MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS O. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!--OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 27-3m

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MICHAEL HENRY..............................Proprietor.
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ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 20-3m*

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PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

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Near Broadway.
FAMOUS FOR ITS OPTIME REFRESHMENTS,
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS A NO. 1.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL SPORTING ON DITS,
HARMONY, SOCIABILITY, MUSIC AND DANCING.
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Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

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136 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
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17-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

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The best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars. Gloves always on hand. PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 17-3m*

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NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS..............................Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A GRAND BALL EVERY EVENING.
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White House. White House.
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No. 113 GRAND ST., near BROADWAY.
Everything of the best brand. Wines, Liquors, Ales, Segars, to suit the most fastidious. All the Great News of Coburn's match with Mace for the Championship of the World to be learned from Sir Joseph's Uncle, the valiant captain of the 69th Regiment Irish Volunteers. A splendid Oil Painting of the American Champion just added—also a Photograph of the Irish-American trio, taken in Bellingoola. The White House is the only house in the country where reliable "tips" on the forthcoming mill may be learned. 19-tf

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

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COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that this famous hostelrie is now second to none in the country for its SUPERIOR VIANDS, and CIGARS, GIGANTIC PORTRAIT GALLERY, and general Fixtures.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday evening.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION in the Art of BOXING by
21-3m* JOHNNY LOUDON.

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Hours from 7 to 10 o'clock.
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ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
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John C. Orem's Champion Saloon,
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THE BEST OF ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS
kept constantly on hand. I have also
THE FINEST PICTURE GALLERY WEST OF NEW YORK CITY.
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ED. LOWERY,
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59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, are kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening.
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Rocky Moore & Barney Friday,
Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrilas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
14 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

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JOHNNY KEATING & JOE HEARN....Proprietors.
Best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars constantly on hand. Sparring Lessons given every Monday and Wednesday evening by Johnny Keating. All SPORTING INFORMATION to be learned at this House. 29-3m*

A TRUE BLUE SPORT A TRUE BLUE TAR.—Many of our New York sports, including Kit Burns, Charley Lynch, Barney Aaron, and Jack Guy, have the pleasure of the acquaintance of Benjamin Leak, well known as a first class leaper, and will be glad to know that he is in good health and in the possession of a whole skin, notwithstanding the many dangers he has bravely faced in the army (7th New York Heavy Artillery) and now in the navy, as Quarter Gunner on the U. S. Sloop of War Saratoga. The morning before leaving this city he jumped 15 feet 2 inches, so that he may be considered "some on the jump." He has bet $50 on Coburn, and would have invested more if he could have found takers.

GREAT FIGHT NEAR VIRGINIA CITY
BETWEEN
JOE RILEY AND TOM FOSTER,
FOR
$750 IN GOLD.

Great excitement has been caused, for some time past, among the patrons of the "manly art" in Virginia City, by the preparations for this contest, which came off at a corrall constructed for the occasion about two miles above the town, on Sunday, the 18th of September.

JOE RILEY hails from the Emerald Isle. He was born at Ballahays, in the county of Cavan, and is twenty-one years old. His height is 5 feet 9½ inches, and his weight 145 pounds. This is his third appearance in the ring. On the 14th of October, 1861, he fought Billy Monaghan in Sierra county, California, and whipped his man cleverly in twenty-two rounds. His second encounter was with Pat Berry, at Virginia City, Nevada Territory, on the 7th of December, 1862. In this affair he came off victorious after seven rounds. Joe had been under the care of Con Orem, with the assistance of a friendly outsider.

TOM FOSTER, his opponent, is from the land of John Bull, and first saw the light at Nottingham. His age is thirty; weight 140 lbs.; and his height 5 feet 7¼ inches. Foster was trained by "Sailor Jack," better known as "Happy Jack," and has fought once. His antagonist was Bill Trip. The fight took place at Central City, C. T., on the 26th of December, 1862. Foster was declared the winner after the sixteenth round.

The referee was a gentleman well known as a patron of the ring, and discharged his duties in an upright and impartial spirit, to the satisfaction of all present. The umpires chosen were Captain George Williams for Riley, and Mr. George Hynson for Foster.

The weather was fine; not a cloud in the sky, and a fine breeze. There was rather too much sun, but, by consent, the choice was between northwest and southeast, giving each man fair play. The attendance was very numerous, every available spot being occupied with eager spectators. Strict precautions had been taken to prevent any persons with arms entering the corrall.

The ground was well chosen, being a nice level spot among the hills. In the centre of the corrall a most substantial ring was formed. A nice spot of turf was alone wanted to make it all that could be desired; but the surface was level and free from rock. Every means had been taken to ensure a fair fight. The fine gravel pointed to hard times for the fallen, though it was less open to the objection of slipperiness. An objection having been made to the height of the ropes, it was allowed by the referee, and quickly remedied. The crowd passed the time in the way usual on such occasions; namely, in betting and chaff, the greatest good humor prevailing. The odds had been in favor of Foster, but on the ground the betting was even.

Riley's colors were green, and he wore the stars and stripes around his waist. Foster hoisted blue stripes on a white ground, with blue and red spots. Con Orem acted as second for Riley, and Joe Bean for Foster, the minor agreeables being performed by Mike Duane for Riley, and Jack Ellis for Foster.

Precisely at thirty-one minutes past three Foster shied his castor into the ring. He was speedily followed by Riley. Both men then proceeded to divest themselves of their superfluous toggery, and sat patiently awaiting the call of the referee. The toss for corners was won by Captain George Williams in favor of Riley; whereupon Con conducted his man to the N. W. corner, while Joe Bean smiled upon him from the S. E. At seventeen minutes past four the men shook hands. Both looked well on their pins; Foster the most active, Riley more heavily built. The latter had the advantage of five pounds in weight and was also nearly nine years the younger. Before the men came to the scratch, Captain George Williams advanced to the centre of the ring and addressed the outsiders, stating that it was the wish of both men that there should be a fair stand up contest. He therefore requested the crowd to preserve good order. At the conclusion he was loudly cheered. As the cheering subsided, Con Orem stepped up to the place vacated by Williams and declared that it was the wish of Riley and Foster that the best man should win, and he requested them to keep silence so that the referee could be heard and fair play secured to both.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On toeing the scratch both men appeared in good condition, Riley overtopping his opponent by several inches. Cautious sparring on both sides seemed to be the order of the day. Foster made several feints to draw his young opponent on; Riley, wary and still on his guard. Foster broke ground, in order to bring his antagonist's face to the sun, and in this he succeeded, though without gaining any advantage, as Riley at once discovered his error, and immediately regained his former position, looking more serious and bent on business. He at once launched out with both maulers but was short—Foster easily avoiding them. Foster lunged out with his right and got home on Riley's ribs. A close ensued; both down; Riley uppermost. When the men were picked up the claret appeared on Riley's mouth, and the cochineal was also visible near Foster's sinister ogle.

2. As soon as the men met, Riley dashed at Foster with his right, and succeeded in planting it on his ribs with great force. A sharp contest ensued; Riley boring in, driving Foster to the ropes. Foster let fly with his right, but was wide of the mark; as he delivered his blow he lowered his head, which came in contact with Riley's left side. Not to be denied, the son of Erin rushed in for a close and threw Foster on the ropes, falling heavily on him, staying there till the referee interfered. Both parties claimed a "foul." Riley's umpire objecting to Foster's butting, and Foster's to Riley's being so inconveniently long in rising. Both men were cautioned, and the mill resumed.

3. After a little sparring Foster popped in his right on Riley's ribs. This was returned by a thorough straight-goer from Riley's right, which alighted heavily on Foster's left listener—turning a fresh tap. Riley again sought close quarters, and during the struggle for the fall, pegged away at his opponent's knowledge-box, which did not seem to amuse Foster, who retired to the place where the grass ought to grow.

4. Both went to work from the start. Foster succeeded in getting in his left over Riley's dexter optic, cutting a gash from which the ruby flowed in abundance. Following his stroke, Foster delivered a tap on the conk with his right, when Riley rushed in and threw Foster, falling on him.

5. Sparring for wind. Bellows heard on both sides. Riley made a heavy drive with his left, but was short. Foster, who all along tried the artful, retreating. Bent on mischief, Riley forced his road in, and hammered away in the old style, which not suiting Foster's book, he retired to mother earth.

6. Riley came up with the claret distilling from the cut over his right visual; nothing daunted, he commenced by letting drive with his right, but was again out of distance. Foster got in his right on the ribs heavily. A close, and Foster putting on the crook, floored his man cleverly.

7. Riley puffing but courageous. Foster's breathing apparatus also in full work. Both sparring for wind, the round ending in the old way; Riley having the best of it at the close, and Foster slipping down.

8. Riley scored a miss with his right—cautious play, ended by a heavy smack from Foster's right on Riley's hull timbers. Foster getting away, tried the same dodge with his left; but dropping his wig block, as in the second round, again met Riley and a quick rally followed; Riley visited Foster's ribs, and Foster rapping with the right on Riley's cranium, but the steam was wanting. In the struggle for the fall Foster slipped down. An appeal was made to the referee by Riley's umpire, and a caution was again served upon Foster to keep his front side up.

9. No time was wasted, and not much harm done; but Riley, anxious for close quarters, forced Foster back and breaking in, threw him heavily in his own corner.

10. A scrambling affair in the old style; no one the worse. This round lasted only ten seconds, and was terminated by Foster's slipping down.

11. Rapid exchanges; Foster receiving a remembrancer from Riley's right on the head, and Riley stepping in, threw Foster on the ropes; the referee separating them before the arrival of the seconds.

12, 13 and 14. These rounds were all much of a muchness. A little sparring, some light tapping, Riley rapping away at close quarters, and Foster slipping down.

15. Foster planted a sneezer with his right just above Riley's victualing office. During the hug, Riley administered three or four short digs on the back of Foster's neck, whereupon Foster immediately sailed for *terra firma*.

16 and 17. New song to an old tune; Foster prospecting surface diggings at the close.

18. Two loud-sounding smacks, right and left, on Riley's throat and jaw, but more noise than harm. In-fighting to pattern, and Foster down.

19. Old style of the Calendar. Foster seeking a new base, and finding it.

20. Almost as soon as the men met, Riley rushed in. A little friendly give and take; Foster retreating and thrown on the ropes.

21. Heavy exchanges on the mug, Foster putting in the right on Billy's chin, and administering a rib-roaster with the left. Foster again laid himself open to the charge of butting. After the fall, which he lost, the referee declared that if he repeated the offence, he would decide against him at once.

22. The old story; ended by Foster falling in Riley's corner.

23. This was a good round. Foster put in an appearance with his right, and, after a short struggle, threw him neatly.

24. Hot work from the scratch, Riley administering in the neighborhood of the brain pan; Foster visiting his opponent's ribs. Foster down at the wind up, in Riley's corner.

25. Riley put in his right heavily on Foster's nob; wild exchanges; Riley mending every stroke; Foster examining the gravel before retiring to his corner.

26. This was one of the best rounds of the fight. Heavy exchanges, old style, terminating in a severe struggle; both falling on the ropes; Riley partly uppermost. Just before the close, Foster again tried the battering ram. Riley' second and umpire both calling "foul," and appealing to the referee amidst loud cries of "foul," and "go on." The referee then told Con to hold his man; and obtaining silence, declared that according to the strict rules of the ring, Foster had lost the fight twenty minutes before, and in the impartial discharge of his duty, he was bound to award the fight to his antagonist.

REMARKS.

The decision of the referee in this fight was strictly correct; and could not have been withheld without leaving that gentleman open to the charge of unfairness. As it is, every one is satisfied. It was a fortunate circumstance that the affair was in the hands of a man so competent to decide such questions—otherwise it might have ended in a wrangle, as many a previous fight has done. Foster was evidently overmatched. The youth and courage of his opponent were too much for him, and far more than counterbalanced his superior skill. Both men were well handled, and had fair play in the widest sense of the word. Foster had the disadvantage in choice of corners; but in the sparring, where this was most against him, he succeeded best. His failure was in the real fighting power. Had his blows been sent in with sufficient energy and force the result must have been different. It is possible that he meant fairly, and that the habit which he had acquired in sparring, of lowering his head when striking, caused him to transgress the rules of the P. R.; but at the best, it was a bad habit. Riley's pluck and endurance would have given him the victory, in our opinion, at all events. He was mending every round from the seventh. If Riley should continue his present career, he will, in five or six years, be an ugly customer to contend with inside the ropes. Twenty-six rounds in twenty-eight minutes is very quick work—too quick to allow much skill being displayed by the combatants. After the fight, the parties returned to town, and so well pleased were they with the conduct of the referee on the occasion, and the decision which he gave, that the band turned out and serenaded him, and after partaking of his hospitalities, the party proceeded to Con Orem's, where [illegible] songs, and an extempore oration from Con came off with great spirit. Con gained many friends among Riley's countrymen by the tact and address with which he seconded his man.

ON HIS PINS AGAIN.—Charley Lynch, the well-known feather weight boxer, as our readers already know, unfortunately lost a leg, having been obliged to have it amputated because of injury received in a wrestling bout, but thanks to the ingenuity and liberality of Messrs. Walber & Wells, of No. 479 Broadway, it has been replaced by one of their improved artificial legs, the same kind as manufactured by them for Gen. Sickles, so that Charley is all but made whole again, and can travel pretty well for a lame man. Messrs. Walber & Co. think they can fix the leg so that he can spar on it.

THE ARBOR HOUSE is the name of the snug little hostelrie just opened by Johnny Keating and Joe Hearn, at No. 5 Sedgwick street, one door below Columbia, Brooklyn, N. Y. The best brands of refreshments are always to be found there; and Johnny gives lessons in the "manly art" every Monday and Wednesday evening.

CAN KEEP A HOTEL.—Jim Dunn, in partnership with Tom Keating, is about to demonstrate that he can keep a hotel at 274 Hicks, near Atlantic st., Brooklyn. Call and see them.

AT BILL CLARK'S SALOON, San Francisco, Mike McDermott is chief clerk. Sir William thinks of returning to New York next March; if he does, Mike will accompany him. Both men are well and desire remembrance to the sports of Gotham.

BILLY MULLIGAN is in San Francisco, having just returned from the upper country, and looks, says a correspondent, as fine as a fiddle.

ED. LOWERY is again at his old stand, the Fulton Ale Vaults, 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, having satisfactorily settled all old drawbacks in the most satisfactory manner. He is always on hand, ready to see his old friends and as many new ones as may favor him with a call. Drop in, and see Ed.

HARRY HILL REPLIES.—NEW YORK, Houston street, Oct. 22d, 1864—Editor of the CLIPPER: In answer to the impudent card of one Prickett which appears in your paper of last week, I reply that I will have nothing to do with him in any shape or form, unless it be to order him to leave my house if he comes there, and put him out if he don't go. I have better business to attend to than making matches to wrestle with a man of his principles and character. Neither do I believe he wants to wrestle. He came into my place of business a short time since, and began his talk about wrestling, when I offered to wrestle him collar and elbow on the spot, for $100 or for wine, any hold, although I had a sore knee at the time. He would not do so, and left amid the jeers of the gentlemen assembled. This person will receive no further notice from Yours, HARRY HILL.

A FULL HOUSE assembled at the Stuyvesant Institute on the 18th inst., to witness the sparring exhibition then and there given for the benefit of Dooney Harris, who is matched to fight Peter Martin on the 28th inst. The performances consisted of sparring, dancing, etc., and suited the boys to a dot. Two youths, named respectively Champion of New York and Careless Boy, opened the ball, followed by Bob Corcoran and Costello in a regular glove fight. Little Dick Hill then vocalised and jigged it to a good tune, followed by his *pater*, Harry Hill, with the clubs. Joe Carleton then gave a clog dance, and Rocky Moore and John Murphy had a merry bout with the mittens, as had also Mike Grady and McCullom, Wm. May and Jim Crawley, all the way from Lunnun. Barney Aaron and Dooney Harris, the beneficiaire, gave a beautiful illustration of the art *pugilistique*. Hugh Golden danced a merry jig, and then Jim Kerrigan and Barney Aaron had what the boys called "a bully wind-up." Old Bill Tovee conducted the ceremonies in style, good order prevailed, and every one was satisfied.

THE HARRIS AND MARTIN MATCH.—The fight between Dooney Harris, of this city, and Peter Martin, of Philadelphia, for $1,000 aside, at catch weight, comes off on Friday next, the 28th inst. The place of fighting is not yet agreed upon, the representatives of the principals having to meet on Wednesday, the 28th instant, to toss for choice of ground. The "tip" can consequently be obtained at all the sporting houses after that date. Dooney Harris has changed his training quarters from Mark Maguire's to Harry Hill's hostelrie, corner of Seventy-first street and Third avenue. The cause of his secession from the Cayuga establishment was owing to Maguire having discharged Dooney's trainer, Jack Smith; a proceeding which Harris resented by leaving the place himself. We paid him a visit a few days ago, at his new quarters, and found him looking the picture of lusty health. His bright eye, clear, bronzed complexion, elastic step and sinewy frame bore witness to the fine condition he is in, and the strict attention he has paid to his training preparation. There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, and the unthinking spectator would be led to suppose that he was trained too fine. But such is not the case, as Dooney never carries much flesh at any time, and when in condition, his frame is as sinewy and spare as a greyhound. He is very confident as to the result, notwithstanding the great advantages in height and weight that his opponent possesses over him. His friends are equally sanguine, and at the ring side will not be backward in supporting their judgment and opinions with the greenbacks. Of Martin we know little beyond the fact that he has been in steady training at Tom Chaffers', in Williamsburgh, and is stated to be in capital condition. In Philadelphia he is decidedly the favorite, and slight odds are bet on his winning by his partisans. The ropes and stakes will be fixed by Commissary Davis, who will have an outer ring, with efficient ring-keepers, for the accommodation of those who desire to enjoy the privilege. "A fair fight, and may the best man win" is our hope on this occasion.

THE TURF.

Exciting Times at Peekskill!
TROTTING.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has hired MASON'S TROTTING PARK, and will give the following purses, to be trotted for on TUESDAY, NOV. 1, 1864; Races to commence at 10 A. M.

A Purse of $200, for all trotting horses, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. First horse, $150; second horse, $50.

A Purse of $50, for all running horses, mile heats, best two in three.

A Purse of $25 for a Foot Race of 200 yards, free to all. Entrance fee, 10 per cent.

Also a match for $200, best three in five, in harness. Owner names BELLE; E. H. Disbrow names TOM CORWIN.

Should Tuesday prove stormy, the Races will come off the next fair day. [29-1t] F. J. PENTZ, Proprietor.

TROTTING ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.

THE second trot between the famous Hartford gelding, Stonewall Jackson, and the Hambleton gelding, Shark, came off on the above Course on the 12th inst. The race was for the Association Purse of $200, with a stake of $50 each, three mile heats, in harness, and had four entries, viz: Shark, Stonewall Jackson, Shot, and Port Royal. As in the previous two mile heat race, in harness, the two last named were drawn. The Hartford horse, in consequence of his having won the previous week, was the favorite at $100 to $40. He won the first heat very cleverly in 7:39, and the second in 7:39, the aggregate time being the best on record. Flora Temple, in her attempt to beat Dutchman's saddle time (7:32½), made the three miles in about 7:33, and General Butler, in his trial, scored exactly the same time. In the above race it will be seen that the second heat was made in 7:39, the last mile being in 2:30. Dutchman's best harness time was 7:42, and Lady Moscow's 7:44¾. We give a summary of the two trots, in which Stonewall proved the winner:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Tuesday, Oct. 4.—Purse and stake $400, two mile heats, in harness.

T. Carpenter entered b g Stonewall Jackson, of Hartford	1	1
John Lovett named b g Shark	2	2
T. Cragan entered s g Shot	dr	
D. Pfifer entered b g Port Royal	dr	

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	1st Mile.	2d Mile.	Total.
First heat	38	1:15	2:30	2:31	5:01
Second heat	39¼	1:17¼	2:34	2:32¼	5:06¼

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Wednesday, Oct. 12.—Purse of $200, with a stake of $50 each, three mile heats, in harness.

T. Carpenter named b g Stonewall Jackson, of Hartford	1	1
J. Lovett named b g Shark	2	2
T. Cragan named s g Shot	dr	
D. Pfifer named b g Port Royal	dr	

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	1st Mile.	2d Mile.	3d Mile.	Total.
First heat	39	1:18	2:33¼	2:34¼	2:31	7:39
Second heat	40	1:20	2:37	2:32	2:30	7:39

The trot for the Fashion Course Association Purse of $500, mile heats, in harness, between General Butler, Prince, and John Morgan, announced for the 18th inst., fell through, all the horses being completely used up by the work they have gone through during the past season (?)

THE MATCHES BETWEEN JIMMY LYNCH AND LADY TOMPKINS.

THE two matches between these two well known trotters, for $500 a side, mile heats, to wagons and in harness, have resulted in a tie, each winning a race. In the first match, which was in harness, Lady Tompkins proved the winner, after losing the first heat. In the second, Jimmy Lynch turned the tables upon the previous victrix, who won the two first heats. The lasting qualities of the namesake of our sport-loving Sheriff carried him triumphantly through, for although $100 to $10 was bet repeatedly on the mare, she could not stay, and Jimmy won the next three heats easily. We give a summary of the two trots:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Wednesday, Oct. 5.—Match $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. Lovett named b m Lady Tompkins	2	1	1	1
D. Pfifer named b g Jimmy Lynch	1	2	2	2

Time—2:43; 2:40; 2:38; 2:46.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Saturday, Oct. 15.—Match $500, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

D. Pfifer named b g Jimmy Lynch	2	2	1	1	1
J. Lovett named b m Lady Tompkins	1	1	2	2	2

Time—2:43; 2:41; 2:42; 2:45; 2:46½.

TROTTING MATCHES ON THE FASHION COURSE.

The match between the two stallions, Toronto Chief and Commodore Vanderbilt, caused more betting than we have seen on a similar race for some time; the greater part of the money invested being at even. In scoring, the Commodore showed such temper, and even in the hands of his experienced driver, Dan Mace, the expatriated of the Providence trotting track, that his backers trembled for their investments. He lost fully half a dozen lengths before they reached the first turn, in the first heat, but gradually closed up the daylight until they swung into the home stretch, when Toronto Chief breaking, Commodore Vanderbilt passed him and won the heat by two lengths in 2:43½.

In the second heat, $100 to $40 was wagered on Vanderbilt, notwithstanding he had cut his quarters badly in the first heat. The favorite, after a very even start, went in front at the turn, and trotting steadily throughout, won without making a break, by four lengths, in 2:34½.

In the third heat there was no betting, as the superior speed of the Commodore was so evident, that no odds would tempt any one to back Toronto Chief. He took the lead, was never headed, and won easily by two lengths in 2:33½.

MONDAY, October 17, match $2,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness:

D. Mace, named b h Commodore Vanderbilt	1	1	1
D. Pfifer, named br h Toronto Chief	2	2	2

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	37½	1:14½	2:34½
Second heat	37½	1:14	2:34½
Third heat	37	1:14	2:33½

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., a match for $1000, mile heats, between Mr. Monnot's brown Hambletonian three year old colt Bruno and Mr. Giliman's bay mare Lady Clifden, the former in harness and the latter to wagon, came off on the Fashion Course. Bruno was the favorite at first, but in scoring behaved so badly, breaking nearly every time that the mare had the call in the betting at $100 to $80. The first heat was closely contested, and was won by a length by the colt in 2:38. In scoring for the second heat Bruno cut so many capers, breaking every time they came up for the word, that his backers turned round, and although he had won the first heat they laid $100 to $70 on the mare. The colt lost several lengths at the start, and it was only on the backstretch he began to display the speed which report had attributed to him. He gradually closed on and collared the mare, and passing her, won a fine race by half a length in 2:38, the quickest race ever trotted by a three year old. Mr. Monnot refused $10,000 for the winner.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 19—Match for $1000, mile heats.

John Lovett named br c Bruno, by Hambletonian, three years old, in harness	1	1
Dan. Pfifer named b m Lady Clifden, to wagon	2	2

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	39	1:18	2:39
Second heat	40	1:19	2:38

FRIDAY, Oct. 21—Match for $1000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

D. Mace named b s Commodore Vanderbilt	Received ft.
D. Pfifer named b m Lady Clifden	Paid ft.

HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J.—PACING.

FRIDAY, Oct. 21—Pacing match for $1000, mile heats, in harness.

Mr. Campbell named s g Sorrel Ned	1	2	1
Mr. W. H. Strong named blk m Black Bess	2	1	2

Time, 2:43½; 2:38½; 2:38½.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Monday, Oct. 10.—Purse and stake $600, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. F. Jones named b s H. B. Patchen	1	1	1
J. R. Baley named br s T. M. Patchen	2	2	3
J. D. McMann named b m Belle Bailey	3	3	2
John Lovett named b g	dr		

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	40	1:18	2:39
Second heat	40	1:20	2:41
Third heat	41	1:19	2:42

UNION COURSE, L. I., Tuesday, Oct. 11.—Purse and stake $200, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

H. Woodruff named b g Cardinal	1	1	2	1
R. Walker named b c	2	2	1	2
D. Pfifer named g m Crinoline	dr			
S. Hoogland named b g General	dr			
D. Mace named ch g Hickory	dr			

Time—2:47; 2:46½; 2:47; 2:50.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, L. I.—SATURDAY, Oct. 22.—Trotting match, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

D. Pfifer named g. m. Lady Warrenton	1	1	1
H. Woodruff named r. g. Red Jacket	2	2	2

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	39	1:18½	2:39
Second heat	38½	1:19	2:39
Third heat	40	1:19½	2:41

RACING ON THE HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J.—A FOUR MILE HEAT MATCH.—On Friday next, the 28th inst., the lovers of the sports of the turf in New York and vicinity will have an opportunity afforded them of witnessing that most popular of all races in this country, a four mile heat race. A match for $500, four mile heats, has been made between two gentlemen of this city, between two four year olds, owned by them, one a bay filly by imp. Scythian, and the other a gray colt by Gray Eagle, to come off on the new Hoboken Race Course at Seacaucus. Both are now in active training, the Scythian filly being in the hands of Eph Snedicor at the track, and the gray colt by Dr. Rogers. This match takes place rain or shine, and we think will attract a good attendance, especially as the mile heat race mentioned below comes off at the same time and place. The 11:45 A. M. train from Chambers street runs within a short distance of the track.

MILE HEAT RACE AT THE HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J.—Another racing match at mile heats, to come off on the same track and on the same day as the four mile heat race, for $500, has been made between Dr. Rogers' s f by Gray Eagle, three years, and E. Snedicor's b f by imp Scythian, three years. A capital day's sport is anticipated, as both these races come off irrespective of the weather, rain or shine.

TROTTING ON THE POINT BREEZE COURSE, PHILADELPHIA.

SAM McLAUGHLIN RULED OFF THE COURSE.

A trot, for a purse of $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off, on Friday, the 21st inst., at the Point Breeze Course, Philadelphia. The entries were Sam McLaughlin's b. m. Lady Thorn and John Lovett's b. g. Shark. The former was the favorite in the betting, which, however, was merely nominal, at $100 to $40. She drew the pole, was never headed in the three heats, which she won in 2:32½; 2:34; 2:34½.

An occurrence took place after the second heat which deserves recording. It appears that Sam McLaughlin, who drove Lady Thorn, had an old grudge against Mr. John Connolly, of this city, who was on the stand witnessing the race. After the second heat, McLaughlin, along with half a dozen others, approached the place where Mr. Connolly was standing, and attacked him in the most savage manner, kicking him when down most brutally. Such a flagrant outrage could not be tolerated by a society of high-toned gentlemen like the Point Breeze Association, and after the third heat, the President of the Society, after announcing from the stand the winner of the race, publicly ruled Sam McLaughlin off the track, and declared him incapable of ever driving on the Point Breeze track again. McLaughlin was not present at the time, but when he returned with his mare to the stand the President again publicly notified him of the decision of the Association. This prompt administration of justice, coupled with the recent ruling off of Dan Mace at the Providence track, will go far to show such men that they cannot violate with impunity the regulations of honorable conduct. Summary:—

POINT BREEZE COURSE, Philadelphia.—FRIDAY, Oct. 21.—Purse for $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

S. McLaughlin entered b. m. Lady Thorn	1	1	1
J. Lovett entered b. g. Shark	2	2	2

Time—2:32½; 2:34; 2:34½.

LOUISVILLE (KY.) FALL RACE MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

WOODLAWN RACE COURSE, Monday, Oct. 10.—Sweepstakes for three year olds, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit, with $750 added, mile heats.

Mr. Alexander's b c Asteroid, by Lexington, dam Nebula	1	1
Mr. James W. Ford's br c Grant, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe	2	2
Mr. J. M. Clay's b c Revolver, by Revenue, dam Balloon	3	3

Time—1:48¼; 1:50½.

SAME DAY.—Purse $500, mile heats, for all ages.

Mr. Alexander entered br c	2	1	1
Mr. Harper entered b f Sue Lewis	1	2	2
Mr. Ford entered br c Grant			
Mr. J. M. Clay entered Georgia Wood			

Time—1:51½; 1:48½; 1:50½.

Track heavy. The positions of Grant and Georgia Wood not stated. Mr. Alexander's entries the favorites in both races.

SECOND DAY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 11.—Purse of $1000, three mile heats, for all ages.
Mr. J. Harper's br c Rhynodine, 5 years..........w o

SAME DAY.—Purse $300, mile heats.

—— entered Lady Sudley	1	1
J. M. Clay entered ch f	2	2
Mr. Owen entered ch c	3	3
Mr. Engleman entered c	4	4

Time—1:53; 1:52.

THIRD DAY.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 12.—Association Purse $750, two mile heats, for horses of all ages.

Mr. J. Harper entered Eastern	4	1	1
Mr. Alexander entered Beacon	1	2	2
Mr. J. Clay entered Zero	3	3	3
—— entered Blacklock	2	dist	

Time—3:54; 3:46½; 3:58¼.

Beacon was the favorite before the start, at even against the field. After he won the first heat, $100 to $15 was bet on him.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes $500, for two year olds, one mile dash.

Mr. Alexander's b f Marden, by Lexington, dam Kitty Clarke	1
Mr. Harper's b f Sally Holton, by Lexington, dam Vantura	2
Mr. J. Clay's b c Revolver, by Revenue, dam Balloon	3

Time—1:48½.

Betting—$100 to $60 on Sally Holton.

FOURTH DAY.

THURSDAY, Oct. 13.—Association Purse $750, mile heats, for all ages.

Mr. J. M. Clay entered Scorpa Wood	1	1	1
Mr. J. Harper entered Sue Lewis	2	2	2

Time—1:49; 1:50½; 1:54.

Betting—$100 to $50 on Sue Lewis.

FIFTH DAY.

FRIDAY, Oct. 14.—Sweepstakes for three year olds, two mile heats, $200 entrance, $100 forfeit, $1000 added.
Mr. Alexander entered b c Asteroid..........w o

SAME DAY.—Association Purse $500, mile heats, best three in five, for all ages.

James W. Ford entered br c Grant, by Lexington, dam Amanda Morehead	2	1	1	1
—— entered Blacklock	1	2	2	2
J. M. Clay entered Zero	3	3	3	3

Time—1:48½; 1:47; 1:50; 1:50.

SIXTH DAY.

SATURDAY, Oct. 15.—Association Purse $1500, four mile heats, for all ages.
J. Harper entered ch c Rhynodine..........w o

SAME DAY.—Purse $200, mile heats, handicap.

—— entered John Holton	1	1
—— entered Lucy Darley	2	dist

Time—1:50; 1:49½.

A DOUBLE TEAM TROT, something of a novelty in that part of the country, took place on the Riverside Park Course, Boston, on the 18th inst., for a purse of $500, best three in five, to wagons, and two teams were entered—one by J. H. Martin, and the other by J. D. Walton—and both were well hitched. The team of Mr. Walton was the best matched in color, but it was evident to judges that the other team was the fastest, and this was shown in the preliminary exercise. This was so evident that offers of 6 to 4 on the mare went a begging prior to the start. The contestants were the chestnut mare Belle of Hartford and mate, driven by A. H. Martin, and the brown gelding Pat and mate, driven by J. D. Walton. The teams scored three times before they got the word for the start on the first heat, and both were up on the first turn. The mare got down soon, but broke on the back stretch, losing nothing, the gelding not getting well to his work until he passed the quarter pole, when he settled down, although some six lengths behind, and both came down well to the half, which was done by the mare in 1:15½. The mare went up on the lower turn again, and made a little skip on the back stretch, but nothing was lost by this, and she came home an easy winner in 2:27½, the gelding being pulled up after passing the distance post. On the second heat the mare broke badly on the second turn, but got down to her work well in some five rods, passing the half mile four lengths ahead of her antagonist in 1:12. Her driver opened a wide gap on the back stretch, leaving the horse some dozen lengths in the rear. On the home stretch the mare broke, but was soon brought down, and came in again an easy winner in 2:23¾—time which astonished every one on the course, the most sanguine betting that the horses would not beat the time made in the first heat. In the third heat the mare broke again on the first turn, and run to the second, where she was brought up, and retained the pole. The half mile was done, without any variation in position, in 1:15. Then there was some good speed shown, but on the third quarter the driver of the mare let her go, and she won the heat in 2:29½ by some dozen lengths. Summary:—

Purse $500, mile heats, best three in five, double teams, to wagons.

A. H. Martin names ch m Belle of Hartford and mate	1	1	1
J. D. Walton names br g Pat and mate	2	2	2

Time—2:27½; 2:23¾; 2:29½.

The above time is, it is thought, the fastest that has been made on a half mile track, and certainly the best time either of the horses engaged has heretofore made. It would be well, however, to state that the track was in splendid condition, just such as would conduce to fast time.

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THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA.

A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACK BAND,"
And other Romances.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

BILL BELL IN A BLAZE OF GLORY.

"I say, boys, I am sorry to go, but it's got to be done; the old woman won't allow no bunking, and the machine's played out. There ain't a man among yer who can say Bill Bell ever shirked duty, bunker's roll particular; I luv the machine fust as I did my own mother—if it warn't agin scripture, I might say a little more so. It goes agin the grain to leave her, but then it's got to be done, that's the matter."

A sympathetic crowd gathered around the honest assistant foreman in the main hall of the engine house, as he delivered his valedictory, and then Bill Bell shook hands all around, as he announced the fact of his determined resignation of all future honors connected with the department. Hard as it was to sever the ties uniting him to the companionship of his fellows, it almost broke the ex-officer's heart when he came to bestow a final adieu upon the inanimate engine, to whose service he had devoted so many hours of youthful toil and danger.

"Boys," quoth Bill, and tear-drops stood in his eyes as he turned a last glance upon the familiar vignettes on the galleries, and passed his hands affectionately over the spokes of the glistening wheels, "never do nothing to disgrace the company, never let poor varnish go on them blessed picturs; use nothing but patent grease on her axles, and above all things, boys," here his voice sunk to a tone of supplication, "always roll on still alarm, and whatever you do, fellars, never lose the feather."

"We've had gay old times among the bunkers, Bill," quoth the foreman, just for the sake of consoling his departing subordinate.

"You had better believe it, Tom Jones," responded the ex-fireman, glowing with animation as memory of past scenes flitted before his imagination, "yes, boys, we've seen the shiney days of the apparatuses—that's so!" Then the speaker's voice became tinged with melancholy, "steamers am playing us out and out. Well, what's the odds, every dog has his day, and suppose we all licker."

The hospitable invitation of Mr. Bell found a generous response in the minds of all present, consequently the disconsolate crowd, including superannuated Jake, a veteran bull terrier, adjourned to a neighboring bar-room, there to pledge a cup of comfort in honor of the days of "auld lang syne," more than once repeated.

"She must be a bully gal, Bill," quoth foreman Jones, as he warmed beneath the influence of genial potations, "to make you leave the machine—something out of the common run."

"You can bet your pile on it, Tom Jones," responded the bridegroom elect, in honest exultation, "as pretty as a pictur, writes like a school marm, edducated at boardin' establishment, Tom, and then, would yer believe it? she plays on the planer—she does!"

"Can she make music on the sewin' mashen?" inquired the foreman, who, in search after a wife, had discovered one who prided herself particularly on manipulating that domestic invention.

"Look er here, Tom Jones," retorted Mr. Bell, somewhat warmly, "if it warn't you, I'd call a feller a fool to ax such a question. Look at this here shirt," and the mechanic displayed for the inspection of his comrade, the embroidered bosom of a handsomely made garment of that description, "she made a hull dozen."

And the honest fireman spoke the truth, for no sooner had the kindliness of Joe Jollie, backed by the sympathy of Mr. Bell himself, opened a channel in industry for the exertions of the unfortunate Kate Eastman, than she applied herself to a round of indefatigable labor. Proud of his charge, the observant mechanic approached the betrayed one with the courtesy of a benevolent nature, anticipating her personal wants, and remedying, as far as within his power, the inconveniences of her dependent condition. From the eventful hour of their accidental meeting, the friendless Kate admired the natural chivalry of the young man's personal character, and, gradually relieved from fear of penury and want, removed from the sphere of those who would prey on her misfortunes. She experienced an honest pride in works of toil and a satisfaction in their prosecution, which rendered the budding hours of labor moments of gratification and diversion.

As the industrious Kate Eastman increased in bodily health, the bloom of beauty re-appeared upon her cheeks, while the furrows of disappointment and of care faded from her brow. Within a few short weeks of earnest, healthy toil, the attractiveness of the former belle stood forth in fairer radiance than ever graced the coquettish form of our village beauty.

Bill Bell was not only a privileged but an ever welcome visitor, who failed not to note this change in Kate's external appearance, in which the good man gloried, for he justly regarded himself as a prime cause in this regeneration of shaken beauty. Yes, the frank and manly mechanic, from the bottom of his soul, congratulated himself on the marked change in Kate's person and temper, as often times as he watched her dainty finger ply the needle, or listened to the warblings of her tuneful voice, he thanked heaven at he had been the instrument in restoring an erring creature her proper social sphere. But as the beauty of Miss Eastman panded toward primitive vigor, pleasing as was its contemplaon to the admiring enthusiast, honest Bill was troubled in spirit, for he thought to perceive an inevitable gulph yawn between their relative positions—in a word, Mr. Bell grew jealous.

"Miss Eastman," quoth the assistant foreman, "you mustn't be angry, but I'm going to tell you a secret, and you won't laugh at me?"

Mr. Bell had, on the occasion of this visit to his charmer, arrayed himself in his best clothes, and therefore twirled upon his chair, as he made this announcement, to the threatened detriment of a pair of bran new pantaloons.

"Why should I laugh at the secrets of a friend?" responded Kate, laughingly, as she turned her full blue eyes upon the speaker.

"You're uncommon lonely here at times, 'aint you, Kate?'

Mr. Bell arose, and twirled in his hand a very stiff rimmed hat as if to depart.

"Is that any reason for your going now?" retorted the belle.

"I warn't exactly on the go," stammared Mr. Bell, dropping his hat and ineffectually attempting to chase it into a corner, "only you know there are times you know, when you know—"

"But you know," interposed Kate, at a loss to comprehend this inexplicable behavior on the part of a visitor, who usually deported himself with affability and gravity, "you must not go until you tell me your secret—why, I'd die if I didn't know it."

"I wouldn't like you to die, Kate," ejaculated the young man with an earnestness which evidenced the depth of his feeling.

"Then tell me your secret, Bill, and I'll live to please you," and the gentle Kate picked up the hat of her bashful admirer and hung it on a peg in the cupboard, and therein fastened it securely.

Mr. Bell watched the progress of his hat towards the place of its temporary imprisonment, and when he observed the security of its disposition, he approached Kate and gazed at her fixedly.

"My secret is," and Bill hesitated for a moment, "and I am ashamed to let it out, Kate—don't laugh; but I love you dearly."

"Is that all?" and despite his injunction to the contrary, Kate laughed, but there was a tinge of sorrow in her joyous tones.

"Not by a long shot," quoth the mechanic, determinedly, for, having broken the ice, and seeing that his syren was in no wise displeased at the avowal of his passion, he gained courage from the favorable reception of his suit: "I'm going to marry you, Kate."

But this time no outburst of merriment followed the lover's declaration of his intentions; quite the reverse, instead of an expression of delight, Miss Eastman, after a vain endeavor to stifle her emotions, turned aside her head and buried her face amid the folds of her natty white apron.

"Why shan't I?" and Bill Bell playfully and by gentle force unmasked the young woman's hidden features. The earnest lover started back in somewhat of affright when he observed the intense paior of Kate's fair face, whence the rosy hue had flown to give place to an ashy whiteness, while from her full blue eyes there oozed a rivulet of tears, trickling in a burning course.

"My heavens, are you ill, Miss Eastman?" ejaculated the astounded artisan, tenderly approaching his fair companion, "have I done any wrong? I didn't mean to. I won't say anything like it again."

"To marry me, Bill," quoth the young woman, after a minute's pause, "is impossible!" and she heaved a deep sigh.

"Don't see it," responded Bill Bell, enthusiastically; but then again his enthusiasm lessened, as he added: "maybe you love some one else?"

"No, no, Bill," said the fair one, mournfully, "it is because I love you too dearly that I will never marry you or any other man."

"That's a funny note!" soliloquized the perplexed suitor, and he scratched his head in a fit of temporary cogitation.

"Were you to know my previous history," and the voice of Miss Eastman grew painfully pathetic, "you would not venture on this step—"

"But I do know all about it," interrupted the undaunted lover. "I'd like to see the time when Bill Bell didn't know all about the ropes," then taking Kate's hand affectionately within his brawny grasp, he added, in a tone of tender compassion, which touched the heart strings of the weeping girl: "you've had a hard road to travel, but you will never have to tread on it again."

"And if I marry you, Bill," enquired the young woman, seriously and earnestly, "will you promise me that you will never, even in the heat of anger, taunt me with that which has passed?"

"Throw up misfortune agin a woman," exclaimed the young man, with an air of offended dignity, "say things agin the wife that's going to make a man of me—that's going to take me away from old habits and make Bill Bell something in this here world, where's he been nothing, because he hadn't an angel to look up to? Why, if I done such a meanness, I ought to be struck dead."

Kate Eastman gazed upon the nobleman of nature's creation; her tears dried up quickly, and the bloom reappeared on beauty's cheeks; if, heretofore, she admired the honest mechanic, from that moment she worshipped her gallant defender. Almost instantly she resumed her habitual ease of manner, but then again, overwhelmed by the intensity of her emotions, she flung herself upon the neck of her suitor, as if clinging to him for protection, while her head dropped instinctively upon his manly breast. Wasn't Bill Bell, at that instant, the happiest of mortals? He had attained the culminating point of his ambition. Nevertheless, when by virtue of his marital prerogative, he pressed the lips of his unresisting betrothed, a fresh born impulse was given to his moral energies. He tasted a first kiss of honest love, the union of sympathetic impulses, and Bill Bell, for the only time during an aimless existence, experienced that spark of mental electricity which inspires the soul with the ecstacy of a laudable and endless ambition. From that instant, the future of his daily life was gifted with a definite destiny.

After the worthy ex-fireman had formally promulgated the intelligence of his approaching nuptials, and drained his parting glass with his former companions, he was about to depart on a little enterprise he had contemplated in view of his successful wooing, and which he was not justified in putting into execution. In espousing the fair Kate, he had determined upon likewise surprising his bride by fitting out an establishment commensurate to her newly assumed dignity. While ruminating upon the selection of these household articles, his reveries were broken by the touch of a friendly hand upon his shoulder. Turning around sharply, he beheld Joe Jollie.

"Bill Bell," said the ex-clown, whose appearance betokened an unwonted animation, "our efforts have been crowned with a show of success. We have tracked those who have carried off Edith, to their stronghold; all we want is a brave and fearless volunteer to capture our prey when driven to their cover."

At any other time the fireman, through pure excitement, would have proffered his services in almost any dangerous enterprise to oblige a friend, but on the eve of his marriage he naturally preferred exemption.

"You appear to hesitate, while I reckoned on your presence," quoth Joe Jollie, "come, let's explain the programme over a quiet bowl of punch," and the ex-clown halted before a hotel door.

"Nary a drink for me, thankee," replied Bill, resolutely.

"Not too early in the morning, eh?" said Joe, jestingly.

"Early or not," responded the mechanic, "I've had my last drink."

His companion looked at him as if dubious of the stability of this resolution.

"I don't mind bein' plain with you, Mr. Jollie," said Bill Bell, with earnestness, "for if it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have had to marry Kate Eastman, and I promised her I've took my last drink."

"You have then succeeded in gaining her hand," remarked the ex-jester, musingly, "I wish you joy, for she'll make you a superior wife. When were you married, my gallant Benedict?"

"We ain't joined as yet," responded the fireman, confidentially, "because as the poor thing was tricked once, I thought as how I could get you to be on hand and see me do the square thing."

"With all my heart, my honest friend," warmly returned Joe. "Name your church, set any time after this night, and I am with you before the parson and his altar without fail."

"Nary a parson," said the artisan, doggedly, "they're too easy made, and I want to marry Kate strict 'cordin' to law."

"Then, under present circumstances," resumed the ex-clown, as they walked along leisurely, "you would not like to be a prominent actor in our performance for this evening?"

The bridegroom elect shook his head to express a declination, which it grieved him to reiterate by word of mouth.

"Possibly, then, you may give us information," continued Mr. Jollie, with an air of indifference; "you know young Meadows, the banker's son?"

"Who robbed his father?" enquired the fireman, with terse brevity.

"So it was said at the time," replied Mr. Jollie, in an incredulous manner.

"I know he did it," said Bill, "I almost saw him do it, for I layed for him at the garden gate and nailed him dead to rights. Besides, Mr. Jollie, I made them secret panels when I worked for his old man, and there warn't any other live white man but us three could open either of them ere traps, they were so awful cute."

"That is very curious," remarked the ex-jester, musingly.

"There's two on 'em," resumed the mechanic, "and I can't be beat at my trade, and I finished one so that Ned never had the hang of it; that 'ere one warn't opened, and if I did the job it would have been opened too."

"Now, then, suppose, in return, I give you a bit of information," remarked Joe Jollie, "what would you do to the man, if you knew who it was, who inveigled Kate Eastman from home to debase her?"

"I'd follow him, by G—d, to the end of the world," replied Bill, with determinate emphasis, "but what I'd have his heart's blood."

"Then, my unwise friend," remarked the clown, deliberately, "you would forfeit Kate Eastman's affection; do you think that any woman of her nature could love a murderer with hands dyed in blood?"

"That's so," quoth Bill, after a moment's meditation, "but I must have vengeance of some sort, Mr. Jollie, or I wouldn't die happy."

"Vengeance you can have," replied the jester, "vengeance a hundred fold more bitter than the mere shedding of blood. Consigned to a prison, he will linger for many years a living corpse, racked by the pains of body and the tortures of conscience. What fate more terrible? Promise me that you will not injure a hair of his head, save in self defence, and I will denounce to you Kate's betrayer."

"I give you my word and honor," responded the mechanic, earnestly, "I won't hurt him while there's law in the land."

"I trust in you, Bill Bell," said the ex-jester, solemnly, "the man you want is him we seek—Ned Meadows," and after a pause of some minutes, Joe added: "are you with our evening party? By joining us, you can avenge your mistress and alleviate the sorrows of a deserted wife."

"Count me in," said the mechanic, enthusiastically, "he's beat this time."

"Then take this weapon," continued Joe Jollie, handing his recruit a silver mounted revolver, "use it only in case of desperate need, and preserve it afterwards as a memento of Joe Jollie, the clown."

"Believe me, I will," replied Bill Bell, "and have something to remember it for." Hereupon the two friends parted, to re-unite in the evening, and perfect their arrangements.

In an isolated neighborhood, along one of those spacious avenues intersecting the Island of New York, stood a good sized mansion, enclosed within a square of high walls and enclustered amid a group of willows, whose drooping limbs almost hid the domicile from the sight of passers-by on the road. Originally the country residence of a Knickerbocker dignitary, this picturesque mansion had passed through various ownerships until it had finally degenerated to what Dr. O'Flagherty was pleased to style a medical institute, but what was in reality an illicit prison house for such unfortunates, against the persons of whom the cupidity of relatives, the animosity of husbands, or the machinations of guardians, could contrive to have issued warrants of lunacy. Entrusted to Dr. O'Flagherty's professional treatment, patients were incarcerated more completely beneath the shadow of those ominous weeping willows, than had their bodies been consigned to county gaols, penitentiaries or State prisons, for from this bastile none emerged save through the fact of stoppage either of respiration or of payment in their monthly board bill. To this abode of Dr. O'Flagherty's instituting, under plea of lunacy, had "the Pride of the Arena" been transferred immediately after her forcible abduction from the hospitable mansion of Dr. Whitefield. It was no difficult matter to maintain her in strict seclusion within this suburban place of cachette, for this asylum was beneath the inspection of no police, and had it been visited by magisterial authority, the ingenuity of Bob Ridley and the records of the medical proprietor supplied ample evidence to defeat any assumption as to illegal detention. In addition to these legal obstructions, the fortress was furnished with physical defences against clandestine invasions or hostile irruptions. A corps of keepers patrolled the corridors and passage-ways, the sight of whose heavy bludgeons struck terror to the hearts of refractory inmates, while a drove of savage mastiffs, either chained up so as to sweep the passage-ways, or roaming freely within the walled court-yard, effectively dispelled any illusions as to the possibility of unauthorized ingress or egress, especially after the shades of night had fallen.

During a designated part of the evening, Ned Meadows and his legal master had been permitted to occupy the reception chamber of the institute, for as they were regular visiting patrons, and their patient a weak and ailing female, the mind of Dr. O'Flagherty remained at ease as to the security of his edifice during their temporary sojourn. In fact, there were cogent reasons why Edith's guardians should prefer an evening hour to visit their charge, even at this desolate abode of despair, and as the doctor was of an accommodating nature, when applied to with a financial balm, he winked at the violation of his ordinary rules.

"Why, sir," quoth Edith, with majesty, "am I kept in this prison house? Why have I been torn from my friends, to be immured in this hateful receptacle of dolts and idiots?"

"To explain, Mrs. Meadows," replied Bob Ridley, "would be both tedious and useless. The fact is, that most unfortunate accident—" and Mr. Ridley significantly tapped his finger to his head.

"No, no, sir!" retorted the equestrienne indignantly; "I am not mad, but haunt me much longer with the presence of that vile reptile whom I spurn and spit upon, and I shall become so indeed!"

"Mr. Meadows' presence is necessary, madam," interposed the wiley counsellor, in his peculiarly affable manner, "that we arrange these few legal matters, after which he intends to make a foreign tour. It is in Europe you are going, aint it, Ned?"

"I don't care a snap where it is," replied Meadows, noticing the profound look of disdain which his wife bestowed upon him, "as long as we close up this business—sign it, and I'm off—if to the devil!"

"You perceive, madame," remarked the counsellor, with a gleeful expression, "my friend is willing to put a good space between him and you."

"And shall I have my freedom?" inquired the lady eagerly, or am I to linger much longer in this vile den?"

"Sign that paper," interposed the banker's son, "and I pledge my word and honor you shall have my leave to go free to-morrow."

"Your word and honor, your leave, Edward Meadows!" sneered Edith, as she pushed the paper from her, "is that my only guarantee for my freedom, the word and honor of an outlaw and felon? I'll not sign!"

"You are out of order, Ned," remarked the counsellor; "Mrs. Meadows dont comprehend the nature of the instrument, and her antipathy to you, in some degree merited, I must say, blinds her judgment. Leave it to me."

"What is the paper for?" demanded the lady, anxious to terminate the interview.

"Merely, my dear madame, responded Bob in his meekest and blandest manner, "a signing off of any estate inherited from his father—that's all."

"Curse his father's estate!" said the lady in vehemence of passion. "What, do I want to rob a pauper felon out of any misbegotten gains!—I'll none of it."

"Precisely the tenor of the document," observed the cringing counsellor, "only expressed in strictly legal language, in which your remark is not. Just put your name opposite that seal, just on that line, there, madame."

The affable Mr. Ridley congratulated himself that the golden moment of Edith's subjugation had definitely arrived, so he bustled around to that side of the table, near which the young woman was seated, spread the paper before her, dipped the pen in the ink, and offered to steady her trembling hand.

At that critical moment of Ridley's financial destiny, the roll of carriage wheels announced an arrival at the porch, quickly succeeded by a violent ring at the hall door. Nervous and agitated by reason of her abode in this unwelcome mansion, Edith started up, and her pen fell from her shaking hand.

"Great God, Mr. Ridley!" she inquired excitedly, "what means that noise?"

"Probably the arrival of some fresh patient," suggested Bob evasively.

But the noise and bustle grew louder and louder, and Edith's trepidation increased proportionately to the clamor's augmenting din.

"Sign, my dear madam, sign, whispered Bob entreatingly.

"Am I free if I sign it—free from this house?" implored Edith in alarm, for by this time there could be distinguished sounds of blows and violence.

"Free or not!" shouted Ned Meadows, arising and standing threateningly over his terrified wife, while his voice rang in thunder notes above the din without, "once for all I command you, Edith Meadows, to sign that paper!"

Scarcely had the words been uttered before the door gave way before the application of a crashing blow, and the room was filled with a body of men. Before the occupants could recover from their sudden panic, a firm grasp from an iron hand clenched Ned Meadows by the throat, while almost at the same moment Bob Ridley felt his legs jerked from under him, and his rather portly person stretched at full length on the floor.

"This way, Edith," rang a clear voice, as a supporting arm attempted to urge the trembling lady; "hurry! hurry! they are unloosening the dogs!"

But the words of warning fell upon unconscious ears, although uttered in the welcome tones of her faithful friend, Joe Jollie, the clown.

"This way, Jack!" exclaimed the late jester. "Lift her easy, for she is a light load;" but long before the directions were outspoken, the tall form of Long Jack Bird could be seen emerging from the chamber, bearing in his stalwart embrace the insensible form of the fair Edith.

It was but the work of a moment to accomplish the safety of the equestrienne, but to complete the arrest of Meadows was a task of no small difficulty, as that young man was still in the vigor of youth, and known to boast of a violent and desperate character.

"Kite! Kite! where's the ruffler?" vainly shouted Bill Bell, for he was resolved to keep true to his promise, and consign the seducer of Kate Eastman unharmed into the hands of justice. But the voice of the daring volunteer failed to reach the valiant Detective Kite, who had found it convenient to superintend active movements out of doors.

Nothing discouraged, Bill Bell in no wise relaxed his hold, but attempted to tighten his grasp while drawing the prisoner with him towards the open door. In this act he was partially successful, when the mechanic suddenly found himself outflanked by the strategical Bob Ridley, who, on hands and knees, was effecting a masterly retreat to the rear.

At each moment the voices of the unloosened mastiffs announced their nearer approach, and in a few seconds the animals would participate in the struggle. Bill knew the value of time, for anticipating the assault of the treacherous counsellor, he astonished the cranium of that worthy by a ponderous discharge of his boot heel, while almost instantaneously he changed his grasp upon Meadows, and, with a wrestling throw, brought him at full length upon the retreating lawyer, who belched forth acknowledgment of the favor with a roar which would have done honor to a bull of Bashan.

In its rapid descent, the leg of the vanquished prisoner touched the centre table, and brought it with a resounding crash to the floor, dashing to pieces a spirit lamp, the liquid from which flowed in a blazing current across the entry hall. With a violent muscular effort, Bill Bell shouldered the body of Meadows, and, dashing through the spreading flames, cast his prisoner with terrible violence beyond the blazing fire.

"I wont kill you," muttered the mechanic between his teeth, as he brushed them violently; "but I'll come next door to it—that I will!"

Before Ned Meadows could recover from the shock of this stunning throw, he was seized upon by the Detective, Kite, who, after cautiously securing his prisoner with handcuffs, run him into the attendant coach, jumped in himself, and drove off at excellent speed, leaving Bill Bell mounting guard over the counsellor, who suddenly discovered himself headed off by a stream of liquid fire in the front and a couple of chained mastiffs threatening his rear.

"Bully for Kite!" soliloquized the ex-fireman, as he wended his way on foot down the avenue; "he's euchred my game. But then," he added by way of extenuation, "he owes me one for that golanger of mine aside of his head."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GREAT PRIZE RING CONTROVERSY.

Joe Coburn vs. Jem Mace.

THE STAKEHOLDER'S PRONUNCIAMENTO.

MACE WILL NOT FIGHT IN IRELAND.

ALL BETS OFF.

The last issue of the CLIPPER gave the true state of affairs in regard to the great battle that was expected to have come off in Ireland on Oct. 6th, between our American representative, Joe Coburn, and Jem Mace, the Gipsy boxer of England, up to the then latest dates. Unfortunately, the battle did not take place, and probably never will. To the end, however, that our readers may be fully posted, we here give copious extracts from the British newspapers up to date of October 8th, and elsewhere the statements and opinion of the CLIPPER'S special correspondent, with other matter of interest in regard to the men, their movements and career. As a sort of text on which all other information in regard to the affair is based, we here give the

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

Entered into the 10th day of June, 1864, between James Mace, of London, and Joseph Coburn, of New York.

"The said James Mace agrees to fight the said Joseph Coburn a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the Ring of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association; the fight to come off on Tuesday, Oct. 4, above 20 and under 100 miles from Dublin, for £500 a side. The actual place to be mutually agreed on, or tossed for on Sept. 22. Coburn to receive from Jem Mace the sum of £100 for expenses when the whole of the money is made good. *The referee to be chosen the day before fighting.* In case of magisterial or other interference, the referee to name the next time and place. The Editor of *Bell's Life in London* to be the final stakeholder. In pursuance of this agreement, £50 a side are now staked, and the remainder shall be deposited in sums of £50 a side until the last, which shall be made of £100 a side, at a house to be named by Mace. The next deposit, of £50 a side, shall be made at Nat Langham's, the Mitre, Upper St. Martin's-lane, on Tuesday, June 21; and the remainder of the money by six fortnightly instalments of £50 each, on days to be named in time for insertion in *Bell's Life* of the previous Saturdays. The expenses of the ropes and stakes to be mutually divided. The men to be in the ring between twelve and one o'clock.

"In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

"JAMES MACE,
"JOSEPH COBURN."

The next most important information is concerning the men who signed the above document, and we here, therefore, give a brief history of them.

Joe Coburn was born at Middletown, County Armagh, on July 20, 1835, but left Ireland when he was twelve years of age for New York. By occupation, Joe is a stone mason, but for some years has not followed his trade. Coburn is 5ft. 9in. in height, and his usual fighting weight previous to the present encounter has been exactly 11st. Like most pugilists, after a few battles, Coburn has grown and thickened so much, that, despite a vast amount of fast work in training, Joe pulled down the scale at 11st 7lb. He early distinguished himself with the "mittens," and knocked off several tough customers in glove fights, &c. Coburn's first fight was with Ned Price, a great celebrity of New York, for a purse, in May, 1856, which resulted in a draw, after over *three hours'* punching, during which time seventy rounds were gamely contested. The American's next ring fight was with Gribben, for $500 a side, on Nov. 11, 1857, when Coburn won exactly in half an hour, during which time twenty-one rattling rounds were gallantly contested. Joe remained on the shelf for some time, being out of a job for six years, and his last fight, on which his fame chiefly rests, was with Mike M'Coole, of St. Louis, for $1000 a side and the Championship of America, which took place at Charlestown, Cecil County, Md., on May 5, 1863, and which he won in the handsomest manner possible, in 67 rounds, occupying 70min. This victory, as might be supposed, gave Coburn an extended reputation, on the strength of which he became mine host of the White House in Grand street, in this city, where he prosecuted quite a successful business until his departure for England, to meet the redoubtable Mace, which took place on May 14, 1864, from Pier 44 North river, per steamer City of Manchester.

Jem Mace was born in the neighborhood of Norwich, Engr., in the year 1831, and is therefore about 34 years of age. He stands about 5ft 9in, and his fighting weight, until the present occasion, was 10st 12lb or thereabouts, but for the late match it was increased to 11st 5lb, at which he did not seem to be any the worse. He commenced his public career in the Ring in October, 1855, with a fellow countryman named Slack, over whom he obtained a very easy victory in nine rounds and nineteen minutes, exhibiting such a knowledge of the art, as induced his friends to send him to London. Here he was matched by old Nat Langham against Bill Thorpe, a novice, but one bearing a high reputation for game and determination. Jem, in this encounter, which was for £25 a side, again achieved an easy triumph in eighteen rounds and twenty-seven minutes, outfighting his man at all points. This mill took place in February, 1857. Nat and his patrons now selected Mike Madden as a fitting chopping block for Jem's next essay; but here they were doomed to disappointment. Jem entered the ring with reluctance, and on the question of a referee being mooted, nothing on earth would persuade him to agree on any one. This being the case, there was nothing left for it but to award the stakes (£60 a side) to Mike. After it is Jem fell into discrepute for a time, but at length his old patrons consented to give him another chance, and made a second match against Madden, staking £15 to £10, but here Jem's case was worse than before. On the first occasion he had screwed himself up sufficiently to get into the ring, but this time his heart was only good enough to take him to the door of the London Bridge terminus, where we believe he caught sight of the skirt of Ould Mike's coat, and at once made himself scarce. His backers, on their way to the starting place, met him running full speed over London Bridge, but they neither saw nor heard aught of him until it was known he had taken refuge from his antagonist in the bosoms of his own friends at Norwich. This at once put him out of the category of Nat's *proteges*, and it was supposed he would have to fall back to the country sparring booth form, but by good luck he got friends to back him against Bob Brettle, for £100 a side, and again did he disappoint them, for in the third round he "cut it" in a most suspicious manner, for which his Norwich friends, who had backed him heavily, avenged themselves in a very summary way, by smashing his windows, and utterly destroying the contents of his beer-shop. His conqueror, Brettle, was the next to take him up, and matched him against Posh Price of Birmingham, whom he defeated, for £50 a side, with consummate ease in January, 1859, and so satisfied was Bob that he again took him in hand, selecting Bob Travers as his opponent; but although Bob was about a stone the lighter man, Jem found him a tough customer to deal with, and had not Bob resorted to the dropping system, it is questionable whether he would have been got rid of so easily as he was. The battle occupied two days, owing to the interference of the police, and was eventually won by Mace, Bob falling without a blow. The total number of rounds was 63, and the time 112min. The fight took place in February, 1860. Mace now fell out with his old pal, Brettle, and a second match was made between them, in which Jem turned the tables completely, and defeated Bob without a scratch in 11 rounds, 19 min.—this battle, like his last, being interrupted by the police, and involving two days' journey, in September, 1860. It was now that Jem, being taken in hand by the East End division, bethought himself of the Championship. Courage seemed to have been instilled into him, and nothing was too high for his aspiring mind. He challenged Sam Hurst (the Staleybridge Infant), who looked big enough to eat him, and, as it is known, made a perfect laughing stock of him, and defeated him in eight rounds and 40 minutes, thereby acquiring the proud title of Champion of England, a title which was sought to be wrested from him by Tom King on Jan. 26th, 1862, but without success, Jem being proclaimed the victor in 43 rounds, 63 minutes. On a second attempt, however, in November, 1862, King was more successful, defeating his man in 21 rounds and 38 minutes, King on this occasion being backed by the very school which, in the previous mill, had been behind his opponent. After this Jem wanted to play out the rubber, but King "would none of it," so Jem re-assumed his title of Champion without the Belt, which he could not claim without fighting for it. His only other match subsequent to this was with Joe Goss, with whom he staked £600 to £400, and over whom he was victorious in 19 rounds and 1h 55min, on Sept. 1, 1863.

The CLIPPER having given from time to time full details in regard to the progress of this great match, it only remains for us to give such news as have come to hand since our last, which we do by quoting from the British sporting papers as follows:—

BELL'S LIFE'S VERSION.

The above named paper, after reiterating its opinion that the fight would not take place, and pointing to what it deems suspicious circumstances in the conduct of both parties, says:—

"On Sunday morning, certain friends of Mace, accompanied by one or two of the light literature fraternity, paid him a visit at Salthill Hotel, Monkstown, where he was staying, and here Jem was seen at his window at nearly mid-day, partially in bed, exhibiting his condition, which no one could doubt was superb, to some few of his admirers. The front of the hotel was crowded with people, in whose presence also in the course of the same morning Master Jem ran a race with the *quondam* quarter of a mile champion on the high road. This did not much resemble privacy, and when it came to our ears did not strengthen our confidence. Subsequently we learned that Harry Brunton had to discharge Mace's hotel bill for himself, his trainer and his valet, and that Jem found it expedient to remove that same afternoon into Dublin, taking up his quarters at a refreshment house on the quay. Again a most unnecessary thrusting of himself into danger. Of Coburn all this time we could hear nothing but rumors that, although he was living at Ballengoola, about twelve miles from Limerick, he was doing little, if any, work, and was utterly unfit to fight, and, moreover, had no intention of doing so. Whether this was so or not we had no personal means of judging, but from the fact that the only person in Dublin deputed to act for him was Mr. E. James, of the CLIPPER, who had not even seen him since his arrival from New York, we augured no good."

CHOOSING THE REFEREE.

At the appointed time, Mr. James—who, by the bye, has rather ludicrously been taken for the once famous Edwin James, Q. C.—was in attendance, and was met by Harry Brunton, who throughout the piece—we had well nigh said farce—has acted for Mace. Milner, Mace's trainer, was also present. Owing to the crowd, it was proposed that a select few only should adjourn to a private room to discuss the matter, and accordingly the parties named, accompanied by our representative, and Jack Heenan as an adviser of Mr. James, retired; but a difficulty at once arose, in the shape of a dispute between Brunton and Milner, as to which had the right to act for Jem. It seems a quarrel had arisen about money, and Mace had taken himself off from Brunton, and they consequently had not met since Sunday. Jem had, therefore, sent Milner, to make sure of having a representative. After a little time Milner gave way to Harry Brunton, and the latter proposed a toss as to who should first name a referee. The toss was won by Brunton, who at once named our representative, who consented to act, but James instantly objected, and it being his turn, he named a Mr. James Bowler of Limerick. Of this gentleman no one had heard, and it was said by some that he was Coburn's brother-in-law, or, at any rate, some relation, but this, on inquiry, *turns out not to be the fact.* Mr. Bowler, it seems, had formerly been a seaman, trading between this country and New York, and had thus become acquainted with Coburn, and this worthy on going to Limerick—where, in the meantime, Bowler had opened a hotel—naturally pitched upon him as a friend. However, Brunton refused to have him, and Mr. James then announced that he "had done;" his orders were to name Bowler, and having done so he could do no more. In vain was it suggested that he should select the representative of one of the papers—in vain was he asked to name himself. He was obdurate, he had his orders. Coburn did not know any members of the press any more than Mace knew Bowler, and for himself he declined the honor, and just as he had made known this intention the clock struck three, and so virtually the match was off. There was no provision for tossing or for obtaining a referee in any other way, and nothing, therefore, could be done. This ending had been prophesied by many from the first, and took none of the English division by surprise; but the Paddies were very much annoyed, and expressed their contempt for the whole affair in no measured terms. Harry Brunton at once washed his hands of the business, and packing up his trunk started for Holyhead by the evening mail, whither he was followed by Mace and his adherents by the nine o'clock boat. Harry, however, continued his journey to London, while Mace remained at Holyhead till the next morning.

On Thursday, October 6th, Jem called on us to make a similar claim as that in his letter [given in last week's CLIPPER.—ED.] in person, but we at once convinced him of its absurdity, and called his attention to the articles, which had clearly been made void on each side by the stipulation as to choosing a referee being broken by both. Jem seemed to have expected this decision on our behalf, and though exclaiming against its hardship, said he must of course bow to it, although he was determined to have a fight with Coburn yet, to justify himself in the eyes of his backers. He complained that he had been deserted by Brunton, and that he had been left by him without a shilling to bring him home; while, on the other side, Brunton, who also favored us with a visit, declared that, so far from this being the case, he had paid the hotel bill for Mace and his two pals at Monkstown, on Sunday, and had, moreover, given him a fiver to put in his pocket on that day; and that, so far from his deserting Mace, the latter had left the hotel before he did, although at his advice, as it was feared the police were after him; and that Jim and his friends kept him quite in the dark as to his whereabouts, until the meeting took place at Woodroffe's. From Harry's manner, and from other matters that have come to our knowledge, there appears to be a lurking suspicion *that Mace, well as he was, had no real intention of fighting.* Mace declares he wants to fight, and has given us a letter, which we insert below, but he also says that should there be no fight, he wishes those gentlemen who have backed him to receive their own again; being satisfied that as he has been all his expenses out of pocket, there is not one who will not return him something to prevent his being a loser by the transaction. Mace's letter to ourselves is as follows:—

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MACE.

LONDON, Oct. 5, 1864.

SIR: In justice to myself and backers, I must ask your insertion of this in your next publication. The public has looked forward with interest to a fight between Coburn and myself. I feel called upon to explain my views of the affair. My acceptance of Coburn's terms to fight in Ireland, and giving him a bonus of £100 should he fight, I think shows my intention of contesting with him as to who is the best. He, in return, not satisfied with my readiness to oblige him in every way, throws obstacles in my path at every turn. I must express my conviction that he never intended to fight me, as the fact of the proposed whereabouts was pretty widely circulated over Ireland. Again, the choice of referee. I commissioned my trainer, Alf Milner, to wait on Mr. Coburn's agent with a list of names, including all the representatives of the London and Dublin press. Had he wished to fight, he most assuredly would have agreed to one of those gentlemen, and not have stood out for the one individual, his alleged brother-in-law, Mr. Bowler. I should like much to know, if I had acted in the like manner, what opinion the public would have formed of me? He knew well, had the referee been chosen and the police interfered on the Tuesday, that official *could name another time* and place of meeting to decide the affair. Had I, after the arrangements had been brought that far, proposed my brother-in-law, resident in London, as referee, and agreed to no one else, I think undoubtedly Coburn would have been entitled to the whole of the stakes, and that he would have got them. Why should not that course be adopted on my side? One fact seems to have been omitted in the many accounts of this affair, viz., that my trainer agreed on my behalf to accept as referee Mr. E. James, of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the advertised business agent of Mr. Coburn, and the gentleman who was deputed by Mr. Coburn to represent him at the meeting, but to the astonishment of all, that gentleman declined, saying Coburn authorized him to name one man, and to agree to none other. Mr. James had publicly announced that it was Coburn's wish to fight, and he would, as his agent, endeavor to forward it. Had such been the case, I leave it to you and the public to say whether the fact of Mr. James not accepting bears out the statement. Although troubled to a great extent respecting my stakes, never have I been in the enjoyment of such health and strength; and had Coburn's party so earnestly wished to fight as I, I am confident that, with a fair manly fight and no favor, I must have won. Under these circumstances, and the way Coburn has acted, I claim the stakes. The matter resting in your hands, should you not deem me entitled to them, I wish to fight for them, and nothing else, and earnestly entreat Coburn to have a fight for the money. I would willingly fight him next week, or the week after, *in this country*; and if he likes, I will increase the stakes by another £100 a side, to provide for the extra expenses. I feel much regret to think that he has travelled so far to go through such a farce as throwing his gage between four poles, to amuse the 100 policemen assembled, and his Tipperary friends. And in conclusion, I must ask him to send any editor or representative of the New York journals to consult with the final stakeholder as to further operations, and I can guarantee they will find a spot secluded from even a solitary policeman, and 24 feet of ground, where it will be a credit to a man to exhibit so much pluck, courage, gameness, and determination as Coburn exhibited on Tuesday last. Should such be settled, he need not fear that it will be accompanied by the head-gear of

Your most obedient servant, JAMES MACE.

THE ST

Managers and Authors.—Look ye, now, these bulky packets are "manuscripts," *i. e.*, plays from persons who are envious to shine as dramatic authors; it's a chance if Jones ever looks at them; they will be pitched into a tin box, and there they will remain for some time, when they will be taken away and sold as waste paper. It is just possible that, by the merest accident, a good comedy may be one day turned out of the box; but of course Jones keeps a stock author, and does not rely on outsiders. It would be bad policy to do so, because most of the playwrights are "on the press" as dramatic critics, and it is the interest of managers to have them as authors, or at least men of their clique (they all praise each other's productions). When a man opens a theatre it is his first duty to subsidise these men, by ordering a comedy from one, a drama from a second, a burlesque from a third, and a farce from a fourth. There is no use blushing at a name for this; it is a mode of bribing the press.

The Feet.—To those who are in the habit of taking much pedestrian exercise, it is worth while to know that, by rubbing the best yellow soap over the feet every morning, and putting the stocking on before the surface dries, walking may be continued without fatigue for a considerable distance. Sporting pedestrians make a rule always to use cold instead of hot water for washing the feet, and it will, without doubt, be found more bracing and stimulating. To prevent the blood rushing upward to the head from the cold applied to the extremities, a towel dipped in cold water, and bound round the brow, or thrown over the head, will be found efficacious.

How it Might have been.—A coroner's jury in Saratoga county, New York, gave the following verdict: "Nathaniel Denton came to his death by a collision with the engine near Simmons' crossing, for which we exonerate the engineer from all blame. But further, we think the engineer and the deceased might have seen each other, and perhaps, yes, very likely, have saved his life, if the wood pile sworn to had not been there."

At a Dead Lock.—The newsboys make the most of the sensation head lines with which the telegraphic despatches are garnished. Seeing one little fellow unusually silent, a friend of ours asked, "What's the news, my son?" "Oh! there's a whole lot of news, *but nothing to holler!*"

A Dublin Manager's Address.—"Ladies and gentlemen, as there is nobody here, I will dismiss you all; the performance of this night will not be performed, but the performance of this night will be repeated to-morrow evening."

Musical Pun.—A young musician, remarkable for his modesty and sincerity, on his first appearance before the public, finding that he could not give the trills effectively, assured the audience, by way of apology, "that he trembled so, that he could not shake."

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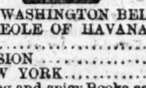

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ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Oct. 24, '64.

NEW YORK is "full," as they say of an inveterate whiskey "sampler;" and where the people manage to find accommodation for man and beast, is something that puzzles us sorely; some of 'em must be left out in the cold, we know; for inflate the metropolis as we may, there is a point, as the poet beautifully puts it, where "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and we believe that virtuous point is now reached, even in the *gutta percha* city of New York. But if we are unable to *accommodate* the constantly-increasing throngs, we can certainly entertain them, and place before them a bill of fare that cannot fail to satisfy and please the tastes of the most impecunious, that "will not call a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious," to borrow a *simile* from the latest dramatic effort of "a gentleman of this city." Bless us, how times have changed; since war has become a steady and growing business with us, we have made up our minds to make it a *paying* business, and from all parts of the world speculators are coming in upon us to aid in managing our own affairs. First came the nefarious shoddies, then the benzine galoots, and anon the odoriferous petrolians from the "isle of Greece." All of these What Is It's have made fortunes, and are falling back to make room for other adventurers. Things are done quickly now, for the progressive character of a warlike people will admit of no tarrying by the wayside. We must be quick, too, and stop moralising...... Look around you; ne'er before was New York so grandly entertained; of theatres we have nine, all in full blast; in addition to the "play houses," we have our Opera House, our Circus, our Minstrel Halls, Music Halls, and miscellaneous places of high and low degree, by the score. And what is better, managers and performers fraternise and accommodate each other with a spirit "worthy of a better cause," as our General used to say. [*Note.*—Some of our quotations may not be quite suited to the subject, but we take them as we find them in our "book of quotations," and leave the educated reader to place them according as his better judgment may dictate.—ED.] Even the most antagonistic elements have cast aside their hostile garb, and now meet each other in the dove-eyed guise of peace. German actors and actresses mingle with people of our own persuasion, and even condescend to star it with an English company. When the Italians fail to fill the Academy, a troupe of boneists, and jiggists, and cloggists, and banjoists come to the rescue, and, hesto presto, the bare announcement brings out the galoots, the church people, and the hot-house maidens, *en masse.* And though such mixed entertainments may affect the permanent *status* of the house, yet as we said before we are a fast people, and take no cognizance of the future; had we looked ahead a little, one of our up-town theatres might have retained its prestige as the "temple of the classic drama," instead of being classified as a melo-dramatic Irish-American minstrel show shop. But so we go, we live and learn; and the successful men of last year are little thought of this; while some who toiled and labored without remuneration in 1863-4, are reaping their reward in 1864-5. While the number of places of amusement are being added to, their character is also diversified. Last week, we had an acceptable innovation in the shape of a Mormon Show. Artemus Ward, a gentleman who owes much of his popularity to the fact that his wife is a superior "Slap-Jackist," is the author of this Yankee Notion. It seems but yesterday that we chronicled the news of his departure for California, his miraculous escapes from wild Indians, snow drifts, and Mormon wives; yet here he is again before us, giving an account of that "sentimental fraud, the red man," and reciting for our amusement a "light celestial comedy in seven hundred and two acts." Mister Ward evidently has no idea of his popularity; this is shown by his hiring a hall up town which is scarcely large enough to "swing a cat in," were he so disposed to show the feeling characteristics of that feline, night-walking incubus. Here, in this little sanctum, mounted upon what may be a dry goods box, Artemus appears before our wondering gaze, and reveals to us the wonderful sights which he beheld and invented while among the Mormons of Salt Lake City. As this Salt Lake may be necessary to accommodate the thousands who make annual pilgrimages to Salt River, but which river is pretty well dried up by this time, it may not be out of place for us to state, on the authority of the man on the dry goods box, that "Salt Lake is a curious body of water; that analysation proves it to contain a large number of old salts; that no fish can live in it except salt codfish, mackerel, and red herrings; that there are mermaids there, and that they have salt rooms." Thus the figgerer. To wind up with a splendid peroration with which we choked off a stump speech at Squankum the other night, to the enthusiastic delight of thousands of Squankum shoemakers:—"May success attend you, fellow citizens; may as bright a sun shine on your present understanding as that which illumines the intellectual countenances of your wax works; may you all live in blissful ignorance of the war, and may the best man win."

LAW! Our venerable parents used to say to us when we sold matches as a light means of getting a light living, that "its a long lane that has no turn," and "the old folks at home" were right, as we discovered one day when we had marched three miles down a road, and came out where we started from, which road was all turn, and served us a very *bad* turn; but the force of this trite saying came fresh upon us last week, when reading about the rebels' back action movement in the valley of the Shenandoah, for Longstreet must have found that valley a long lane before he came to a turning point. Ah! friends, we can—"Our Jim," the polite and gentlemanly devil of our establishment, intimates that we had better "git on with the show stuff." May be we had.] What we intended to say was, that we can get an abundance of first class amusements at the Broadway Theatre, where John Owens and his speciality of Solon Shingle crowd the house nightly, from the bottom joist to the rafters. We say to you in all kindness, that if you wish to see the great comedian and his great bit of Shingle, one of the best things on the boards, secure your seats in advance. Its old times come again at this house.

PAULINE was a Lady of Lyons, and by her beauty and accomplishments had gained much repute. Its the old story in a new dress, and Mr. Bulwer tells the tale, *probably*, better than we can tell it; how she was wooed and won by a gardener's son disguised in the good clothes of a Prince; how she only discovered the fraud practiced upon her when the happy pair reached the humble cot of the deceiver's mother; how there's hot times when the fraud is let out; how Pauline is restored to her father's arms pure and undefiled; how Claude joins the army as a substitute; how he doesn't jump the bounty; how he fights his way up, gets to be Colonel, returns home with all his honors and a new suit of soldier clothes on him, including a profusion of long black hair; how Pauline's father became a "short" in the gold market, couldn't fill his contracts, must go under if his daughter don't wed a rich villain; how she is about to save her short father, when her old love returns, tears up the documents, gives the father a well-stuffed pocket book, saves the daddy, saves his daughter, has his wife restored to him, and is probably to this day living in a nice, sequestered spot, near the lake of Como, surrounded by a numerous progeny. We saw Miss Methua Scheller perform the part of Pauline on the 19th, to the Claude of Mr. Wheatley; and she performed it well, too, barring just a trifle of "the sweet German accent;" she was natural, lady-like, and well up in the text and business of the part. Miss Scheller is a very pleasing actress, and when she has had a little more experience on the English stage, and has shaken off the brogue altogether, she will come into great favor. She was enthusiastically applauded during the evening, and thrice called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the audience, which was large, fashionable, and extremely well dressed. Mr. Wheatley's Claude was a very uneven performance, and not up to that gentleman's standard. In some of the scenes, his impersonation was very effective; in others he was entirely too boisterous for a young fellow so terribly in love. The play was repeated on the 22d to another full house. It was put upon the stage in a careful manner. Little story: In a late performance of the play in Chicago, a comical intermezzo happened, which was not included in the acting edition. In the 4th act, the sonorous Col. Damas persuades the disappointed lover—Claude Melnotte—with the inevitable little moustache and beard à la *Henri Quatre*, to enter the French army. Suddenly a voice from the gallery cried: "Take care; he's a substitute broker." This witty remark caused great merriment among the audience; and the joker, encouraged by it, attempted another outburst of his wit. As Claude declared that he was ready to risk his life for glory and epaulettes at the cannon's mouth in Algiers, the voice from above said: "For God's sake, credit him to my Ward."

SOME YEARS AGO there was a minstrel show in the Bowery, under the management of Charley White. The hall was a long, narrow room, up one or two flights of stairs, and the prices of admittance were fixed at sixpence and a shilling. Many a time and oft have we repaired thither after the labors of the day, to spend an hour or two in listening to Charley's jokes, and the singing of his little band. But here, too, time has wrought a change. Charley's little hall was abdicated, his company scattered, and for years the Bowery was without a minstrel hall. Now, however, the east-siders have one of the prettiest minstrel halls in the country. To Mr. M. C. Campbell are we indebted for this welcome and much needed addition to our places of public resort on the east side of the town. The hall is of good size, well ventilated, with parquet, circles, private boxes, etc., and is a regular little theatre. Mr. Campbell has gathered around him a very fair company, including some very talented musicians, and gives a variety entertainment at which no one can cavil. There is sentimental and comic singing, clog dancing, burlesque wench dancing, Ethiopian eccentricities, black jokes, and many other acts of interest. The choruses are given in a pleasing style, the voices blending together nicely, and developing the melody and harmony with most excellent effect. We spent an evening last week with the Campbells, and judging from the applause bestowed upon the efforts of the troupe, we came to the conclusion that there is a most cordial understanding between the performers and their audiences. This week, several fresh novelties are introduced. Our friends who have not yet visited the East Side Band should call in at the new hall, and enjoy the entertainment offered.

"COME BACK STEPHEN." We recorded in our last the return to this city of Stephen Massett (Col. Jeems Pipes), the well known lecturer, after a brief sojourn on the "Pacific Slope." We see by Col. Pipes' advertisement that should his services be required by any "Lecture Committees," "Lyceums," or "Literary Institutions," to enliven an otherwise dreary hour this coming winter, application should be immediately made to him, care of his publisher, G. W. Carleton, 413 Broadway.

"THE COMPACT," having failed to take at Wallack's as a steady diet, has been broken and laid upon the shelf.

TO OBLIGE THE PUBLIC, the Tom Thumb party have concluded to remain another week at Barnum's Museum. Goodness, how the little people draw; we looked in at 'em on Friday, because we thought but few would be there. A torn coat and damaged hat give evidence of the terrible struggle we had with the crowd who massed themselves on our front and both flanks; they carried us by storm, and dumped us down somewhere far from our original base of communication; it was in front of the apartment of the "Soothsayer," from whence two gentlemen, who had just been soothed, were quietly emerging. We went in there, and were made happy by being informed that there is a fortune in store for us. We wished to ascertain where to find the store, but the Soothsayer had said enough, and we kinder left. There will be great times at the Museum this week, being the Thumb gala week.

EDWIN FORREST has retired for rest for a brief period, having concluded his long and brilliant engagement at Niblo's on the 21st, in the presence of a house which resembled a box of sardines; no disrespect to the sardines is intended. "Coriolanus" was the play, and, in the figurative language of a candidate for the Legislature, it was "played up to the handle."

MRS. WOOD announces this as the last week of "Martin Chuzzlewit," after which, it is to be hoped, she will play the Dickens no more for ever; for the success of this Chuzzlewit affair has not been commensurate with the pains bestowed upon the piece by the management, nor with the expense incurred......Next week we are promised something better, and it is probable that some new people will be introduced to our notice, including a Miss Newton, of whom the critics are writing in advance......In the meantime, go see the last days of the Chuzzlewits, the Todgerses, Pecksnip, Master Bailey, &c.

"THE ABANDONED" has not been abandoned by the *habitues* of the Old Bowery, for such large audiences have witnessed Miss Herring in her character of Lysiah, as to warrant the management in keeping it on the bills for a third week, which is considered a good run for a piece in the Bowery......There will be no performance at this house on Friday evening, the company having engaged to perform at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on that evening. Pantomimes will also be given, in which the Foxes will appear.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL enters upon her engagement at Niblo's this evening, appearing in her great character of Fanchon, in the play of that name.

A LITTLE BOY is a bunch of bones of contention between Francis Siegrist, gymnast, and Mary Eckhardt, also of the profession, in which she is known as Senorita Lopez. Seigrist is the boy's adopted father, and the woman used to be his adopted mother. It is said that while the lad was in charge of the former, the latter abducted him from the city. She was arrested in Washington, and brought to this city last week, and an examination had on the 22d, but the Judge reserved his decision for a day or two. Both parties claim the boy, who is said to be quite a clever gymnast. Wonder if there would have been such a fight over him had he not been a good performer.

J. S. CLARKE varies his programme slightly this week, giving us "Paul Pry" in addition to the "Comedy of Errors." His "Toodles," which is given occasionally, seems to be his most attractive card.

THE PERFORMING DOGS at Wood's Minstrels have proved fully as attractive as the performing men; in fact, they have created a *furore* at that establishment, the house being brim full nightly. Their performances are certainly remarkable; they do feats which educated men would be unable to perform......Last week we made favorable mention of Frank Brower. We are sorry that the performances of the gentleman in the early part of the week were not of a character to bear us out in the good opinion we expressed concerning his merits, and his name was left off the programmes during the balance of the week. The manager is correct in preserving the discipline of his establishment at all hazards ..... A most capital bill is offered this week, including the novelties introduced by Mr. Seigrist and his dogs.

THE SAWDUST has the true ring of the circus about it, the ring wherein the clown used to amuse us in days gone by, wherein he was wont to crack his jokes at his master, whilst his master cracked his whip at him. How we did laugh at the funny clown in our early years—everything he said was so droll, so clever, so mirth-provoking—the clown was "all the world to us" in those juvenile days. Many a spanking has been inflicted upon us for keeping late hours at the circus; but we willingly endured the torture in the expectation of spending another night among the tights and spangles of the circus ring. Years have flown since then, the old folks have passed away, and rest undisturbed in the "cold, cold, ground;" but the circus is still here, and we still visit it, still listen to the jokes of the clown, and miss nothing but the spankings and the kind parents who sought to guide us, by their honest teachings, in the path that they had always traveled with so much honor to themselves. We were carried back to olden times the other evening while witnessing the performances of Mr. Nixon's circus company at the Hippotheatron. There was our old friend the clown in his tights and stripes, there the ring master in all his authority, there the horses, and the hoops, and garters, and all the paraphernalia which used to help to amuse, astonish, and bewilder us; and there were feats performed that night that were never thought of in the days of auld lang syne, showing that even the sawdust ring has felt the onward march of improvement, and man's daring and courage and marvellous feats make us pause and hold our breath in very fear. We shall always like the circus, whether it be under canvas or in an architectural structure like the Hippotheatron......Melville, the Australian rider, joins the ring this week......A very enjoyable entertainment is given, and the patronage accorded the show is quite liberal.

THERE IS A DISTRIBUTION of presents every evening at Hope Chapel, where Woodroffe's Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers have taken up their quarters (while they are taking up the quarters of their patrons) for the purpose of entertaining their friends and making money and glassware for their own benefit. On Friday evening, Oct. 28th, there is to be a conundrum contest, and you may be sure of a night of fun. As we do not intend to compete, there will be a good chance for some less able conundrumist to secure a prize.

ANOTHER NEW DRAMA from the pen of J. B. Howe is to be produced this evening at the New Bowery. It bears the title of "The Convict Marquis." As side dishes to this new play, the manager announces "The Hag of the Tomb" and "The Happy Man." Certainly there is no lack of novelty at this house, neither is there any lack of patrons, and many a man is made happy by the performances given there. There is a look of cheerfulness about the house, both outside and in, which makes all visitors feel perfectly at home. Let us all go to see "The Hag of the Tombs.'

THE FOURTH season of the French Theatre is to commence at Niblo's Saloon on Saturday evening, Oct. 29th, when several new French people will show for the first time. We must look over our "French Without a Master" in the meantime.

THE SCARLET SPIRIT stirred 'em up nicely at Heller's Salle Diabolique during the past week. There has been a succession of full houses since our last, giving delight to the proprietor, and making plenty of work for that usher who insisted on getting us behind a post one night. We are glad for both their sakes. An evening can be passed wonderfully pleasant with the diabolical people.

"WE MAY be happy yet," unfortunate friends, if we but pursue the right track, which leads to 444 Broadway; 'tis there we learn to forget our troubles, to forgive our enemies, to become better acquainted with our own natures, and bask in the sunshine of woman's loveliness. We never regret a visit to the three four's, for we are sure to get the full worth of our money. We never yet went to sleep during a performance at the American, and that is saying a great deal for the performance and performers as well as for ourselves.

ARTEMUS WARD, after much preparation, opened his entertainment at Dodworth's Hall, on the 17th inst. The Hall is up one flight of stairs, and is a perfectly square room. There are seating accommodations for about 450 persons, and standing room for fifty more, making the receipts at the present prices about $300. In *one corner* of the Hall is the stage, with green baize up and down its sides, and a small drop curtain. The veritable Artemus opens the show with a few preliminary remarks relating to his starting on his trip to California and his return by the overland route. After he has had his say, which by the by is replete with fun, the show begins. The curtain slowly rises, and we see a view of the steamship Ariel, that started "Arty" to the gold regions. The next view is a representation of Montgomery street, San Francisco, which is followed by another view of Virginia City. Then we are shown "The Great Desert," "Bird's Eye View of Great Salt Lake City," "Main street, West Side," and "East Side," the Salt Lake House and the overland mail coach just arriving; "The Mormon Theatre," "The State House," "Brigham Young's Harem," "Heber C. Kimball's Harem," "The Tabernacle," the headquarters of Mormon religion; "The New Temple" as it is, and what it is intended to be; "The Great Salt Lake," "The Endowment House," "Echo Cannon," "The Desert," and the final picture is an allegorical representation of "Brigham Young and his Wives," making in all twenty views. They are executed in a high style of art, and show that artists of merit have been at work. The views are all said to be very truthful, and certainly the artists, Messrs. Maeder and Hilliard, deserve great praise for the excellent manner in which they have brought them before the public. The entertainment lasts but one hour and twenty minutes, closing just in time for all delightful young men to take their lady-loves to a good oyster supper. During the representation of the "picters," Artemus is on hand, and describes in his own happy style every thing that is interesting to his auditors and more too. He is exceedingly funny, and keeps his hearers in a continual roar of laughter from the moment he first opens his mouth until the audience are dismissed for the night. The lecture he has prepared for this entertainment is in one respect like all his lectures—it consists of "orient pearls at random strung," and is no more to be reported than the play of a fountain in the sunlight can be adequately represented with chalk on a black board. Artemus is one of the most successful showmen we know of, and at the same time he is one of the most unpretending. That he has hit the mark again there cannot be a doubt, for he has opened his show right in the election excitement, and when New York was never known to have so many places of amusement; yet he has succeeded in attracting an overflowing house every night the past week. This, for one man to do, is no easy task, and he deserves great praise for his wonderful tact of drawing a crowd and amusing them in the manner he does. Mr. Ward's entertainment is in every respect a great success, and will probably enjoy a long run in this city. The rules and regulations of the hall are printed on the programme, and the following is a copy of them:—

I.—Artemus Ward is compelled to charge $1 for reserved seats, because oats, which two years ago cost 30 cents per bushel, now cost $1: hay is also $1.75 per cwt., formerly 50 cents.

II.—Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as possible.

III.—Children in arms not admitted if the arms are loaded.

IV.—Children under one year of age not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

V.—If any usher employed in the hall should assault the audience, he will be reprimanded. If the same conduct be frequently repeated, he will be discharged without a certificate of character.

VI.—Ladies and gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer.

VII.—Artemus Ward will not be responsible for any money, jewelry, or other valuables, unless left with him—to be returned in a week or so.

VIII.—The manager will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

IX.—If the audience do not leave the hall when this entertainment is over, they will be put out by the police.

WE GOT TOOK DOWN awful bad the other night. Going past the headquarters of the Manufacturing Jewelers' Association during the day, we saw several cases of pianos in front, and workmen engaged in carrying others into the store. Thinks we, here's a chance; and that evening, after fortifying ourselves with a large plate of clam soup, we repaired to the store in all the editorial pomp imaginable. We took a friend with us to call us by name, and play stool pigeon, in case they didn't know who we were. Well, after laying our plans, and making sure that we had been recognized, we boldly went forward, put down a dollar for a ticket, got our envelope, and what do you think we got? Why, only a ten dollar castor. We had actually engaged a carman to carry home a piano. Don't talk to us after that about *editors* being favored. Its all stuff. These manufacturing chaps have exploded that fallacious fizzle. Editors, in *their* opinion, ain't any more than common people. "We are not angry with them," however, as old Pecksnip says after being knocked down, as may be seen from the fact that we continue to advertise for them.

WE SHALL visit the Varieties this week, for they are going to give a Zouave drill, with twenty-five female Zouaves to go through the necessary evolutions. We like to see the girls in soldier clothes; there is something so inviting about them, something so captivating and delicious. We believe an army of 'em could get into Richmond without any other effort than that of moral suasion......Naomi Porter, Tom West and George Warren join the Varieties *corps* this week. Hernandez is still there, with a number of other celebrities.

MR. CHARLES POPE has returned to this city, after a successful three weeks' engagement in Buffalo. He will probably ere long appear at one of our Broadway Theatres.

WE HEAR it intimated that Miss Fanny Herring, who has made a decided hit in her new charactor of "Lysiah, the Abandoned," has it in contemplation to visit some of the principal cities on a starring tour, with her new play, during the season.

A CARD from Frank B. Converse, in reply to one from the Dobson Brothers in our last, will be found among our amusement advertisements in this issue. A trial between the two gentlemen would certainly afford a treat to those who admire banjo playing.

PARTIES wishing card photographs of dramatic celebrities can make a selection from the list advertised by Mr. Winans, in another column. Tragedians, comedians, minstrels, dancers, etc., are included in the catalogue.

SHERRY CORBYN, theatrical manager of California, who has been sojourning in this city for some time, sailed from here on the 24th, in the Ocean Queen, for San Francisco.

THE CAMPBELL & CASTLE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY are making every necessary arrangement to ensure the success of their enterprise. The favor with which the troupe was received here last summer, while performing at the Olympic, is a guarantee that a good English Opera company will always meet with liberal encouragement. They intend to produce Gounod's "Faust," Wallace's "Lurline," Benedict's "The Lily of Killarney," Balfe's "Rose of Castile," etc. Anthony Rieff has been engaged as conductor. The directors announce that new candidates for lyrical honors will be brought forward under the auspices of the troupe. See card in another part of this paper.

SENOR DON JOSA ALBISU, who has the grand circus in Havana, at the Puerto Marsaretta, in front of the Tacon Theatre, left for Havana on the 22d of October, on the steamship Liberty, with immense wardrobes and trappings for his circus, and on Wednesday, the 26th, on the steamer Columbia, his people leave, consisting of the Arab Troupe, Kline and Winne, Tourniaire and wife, Antonio Marquez and wife, David Keyes, and George Wambold. We wish them success.

Dramatic.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE, the brilliant young *artiste*, has produced an unqualified sensation at the Athenæum, Cairo. From the *Morning News*, of the 15th inst., we clip the following:—

ATHENÆUM.—This theatre was packed last evening with the *elite* of the city, until even standing room was at a premium, the occasion being a complimentary benefit to the gifted young *artiste*, Miss Fanny B. Price, who for the past two weeks has been delighting our theatre-going community by her exquisite rendition of the various characters she has assumed. As Lady Isabel, Miss Price achieved the greatest triumph of her engagement. After seeing all the best actresses of the country in the part, we unhesitatingly pronounce her without an equal. She gave the character such a vivid and lifelike impersonation that many of the audience were moved to tears. Nor was Mr. Hanchett less successful in the leading male character, rendering it as he alone can. At the close of the piece, Miss Price was called before the curtain, when she was met by Mr. F. G. Chapman, who presented her, on behalf of her admirers, a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars. A just tribute to talent.

Miss Price commences an engagement of ten weeks at Toronto, C. W., on the 31st.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Providence, R. I., which has a capacity for seating two thousand persons, besides being well fitted up with scenery and all the facilities of a first-class establishment, is advertised in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER to be let by the night or week. Apply to John R. Cory or Henry C. Jarrett as instructed in advertisement.

MISS KATE REIGNOLD's benefit in Boston on Monday, 17th, was a success. The "Child of the Regiment" was enthusiastically received, and it is stated that "Andy Blake," with his frank independence, winning brogue, and "spice of the divil," has never found a better representative than this charming actress, whose well-known beauty of person lent a taking fascination to the little brogans, the corduroys, and frieze coat of the Irish boy.

J. F. BREYER concluded his engagement at the Cairo Athenæum, on Oct. 8th, and goes to Springfield, Ill. The theatre was to open about the 22d Oct.

THE BALTIMORE FAVORITE, the charming Mrs. D. P. Bowers, has been delighting the patrons of the Holliday Street Theatre the past week, commencing with "The Mystery of Audley Court," Mrs. Bowers appearing as Lady Audley, a character in which she made so great and favorable an impression there last season. Since then she has appeared in "Romeo and Juliet," "The Hunchback," "Camille," and several others. She is ably supported by Mr. J. C. McCollom and the members of the Holliday company.

THE FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, now nightly presents the appearance it did in "the palmy days of yore," the curtain rising every evening on a densely packed house, every available inch of room being occupied, and the bursts of applause which greet the Florences in their irresistibly funny performances are "great." Last week they produced, for the first time in that city, "Kathleen Mavourneen," and although the character of Kathleen is too *heavy* for Mrs. Florence, yet the play was, on the whole, ably produced, and at the commencement of the second scene of the fourth act—or, as the bill expresses it, "startling and unexpected *denouement*"—where, after the sympathies of the audience have been enlisted for the broken-hearted Terrence and the fickle but repentant Kathleen, the opening scene disclosed the "startling" fact that it was all a dream, the house fairly shook on its foundations with the applause of the audience.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, N. Y., kept "Rosedale" on the bills all last week. After a succession of excellent houses for two weeks, it was withdrawn on the 22d, to make room for other novelties.

BELLA GOLDEN commenced an engagement at the Cairo (Ill.) Athenæum on the 17th inst, opening in "Margot" and the "Young Actress."

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Memphis, has closed, and the company is giving exhibitions in Dan Castello's Circus tent, at the close of the saw-dust performance.

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY concluded a fine engagement in Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 15th, and returns to that city again in February. This lady was tendered a complimentary benefit on the 14th, when there was a large crowd present. On the 7th of November Miss Kingsbury commences at the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill.

THE "OCTOROON" was produced at the Davenport, Iowa, Theatre, on the 17th inst.

LONG'S HALL, Kansas City, has been occupied the past two weeks by a dramatic company, consisting of J. D. Wood, J. K. Powers, W. H. Otis, T. E. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Linden, Lizzie Gale, Maggie Wayland and Jane Parker.

MR. WILL J. WIGGINS is at present engaged with J. C. Myers' company, and is at Toronto, C. W.

"IONE, OR THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII," seems to have taken a firm hold of the Buffalonians. It has already been performed for the last three weeks at the Metropolitan Theatre, and is kept on the bills until further notice. M'lle Anna Kruger was engaged there last week, and appeared in a grand *pas seul.* Mr. C. Pope is doing the leading *role* in "Pompeii."

LUCILLE WESTERN closed her Cincinnati engagement on the 22d, at Pike's Opera House, "Leah" having been performed the last week to good houses.

LAWRENCE P. BARRETT is the star this week at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

EDWIN ADAMS was the attraction last week at Wood's Cincinnati Theatre, and continues the present week. He appeared as "Hamlet" on the 18th, and the press speak very well of his performance of the Prince of Denmark. During the week he appeared in a variety of his principal characters.

TIMES ARE GREATLY DISTURBED in St. Louis just now. Our correspondent, "Don," under date of October 18th, says:—"Last week I spoke of the theatres being allowed to remain open, while all other business was suspended. All last week, however, and at the present time, the Provost guard and militia keep up a constant raid on all theatres and saloons, and even the public streets, to examine passes—any person not being fortunate enough to possess one is marched off; this makes it awkward for persons who arrive late in the city; it has not, however, affected business at the Varieties Theatre so much as one would imagine. The Bowery seems to have suffered most........'The Ticket-of-Leave Man' was played at the Theatre on the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th; on the 14th and 15th, Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' and 'Much Ado About Nothing,' were given. On Monday, 17th, Mary Provost's benefit took place, when Tony Pastor sang three of his best songs and was received with great applause. 'The Honeymoon' was played for the afterpiece. The house was crammed in every part, and was decidedly the best house of the season. On the whole, Miss Provost's three weeks' engagement has been a success. A communication, in writing, was handed your correspondent by one of the employees, unjustly criticising her performances; it is a most spiteful attack of two pages, and seems to have originated in a petty quarrel behind the scenes........The Varieties cannot complain, having more than its share of business, considering the times. Tony Pastor has made himself a great favorite, and deservedly so, as he is certainly a *rara avis.* Kathleen O'Neil, who, by-the-bye, has been singing at this establishment for the past six months, is as great a favorite as ever. Celia Morley, M'lles. Le Roy, Mason, Augusta, Walton; Mons. Tophoff, Messrs. Berry, Johnny Mack, Little Mac, Raymond, Chapman, Beane, Holt, and many more, are always at their post. Miss Anna Hathaway is continually bringing out fresh novelties, and looks very pretty as the 'Maid of Genoa,' while E. Berry and H. Chapman make two desperate villains. The drunken combat between G. A. Beane and H. Chapman was much applauded."

MISS AVONIA JONES appeared at the St. Louis Theatre on Tuesday, 18th inst., in the drama of "Leah."

EDWIN FORREST will succeed the Warren Combination at the Academy, Albany, and play a five nights' engagement.

THE WARREN COMBINATION have concluded their Philadelphia engagement, and open at the Academy of Music, Albany, on the 24th.

LAURA KEENE'S TROUPE played a couple of nights in Albany to bad business.

THE "TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN" was produced on the 17th inst., at the Augusta (Me.) Opera House, with S. E. Brown as Bob Brierly, E. W. Beattie as Hawkshaw, and Carrie M. Day as Sam.

MILLER'S ATHENÆUM, Toledo, Ohio, is at present occupied by a dramatic company under the management of A. O. Miller. On the 19th inst., "Othello" was produced, with R. J. Miller as the Moor. Mr. R. J. Miller, it is said, contemplates a visit to Europe shortly.

ZOE commenced a two weeks' engagement at Duffield and Flynn's Theatre, Nashville, on the 17th inst., commencing with the "French Spy."

EMILY THORNE was at the New Nashville Theatre last week, and continues the star attraction the present week.

YANKEE LOCKE is creating quite a *furore* at the Pittsburg Theatre, where he opened on the 17th, as Sam Patch. On the 18th he appeared as Sample Switchell, in the drama of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," which continued to fill the house nightly. As the Pittsburghers have had nothing but heavy business so far this season, Yankee Locke and his "Bowl" of fun is thrice welcome.

"THE DUKE'S MOTTO" was produced on the 19th inst., at the Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., by J. C. Myers' company; Mr. T. L. Conner as Lagadere, W. J. Wiggins as Cocardasse, and Flora Myers as Blanche.

MRS. MARY STEVENS, a popular Western actress, has been transferred by the managers of Wood's Cincinnati Theatre, to their Theatre (Duffield and Flynn's) in Nashville.

MR. EDWIN ADAMS has purchased the drama of "Enoch Arden," and will produce it this week in Cincinnati.

FRANK DREW drew excellent houses at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, during the first week of his engagement with Mrs. Conway, he appearing in "Handy Andy," "Monsieur Jacques," "The People's Lawyer," "The Irish Emigrant," "Mazeppa," and "Rip Van Winkle." In "Handy Andy" and the "Irish Emigrant" he displayed his ability in taking Irish characters, and he acted his part well, too; but it was in "Mons. Jaques" and the "People's Lawyer" that he hit the mark. His Solon Shingle in the latter play was really an excellent personation, and a decided exception to the stereotyped stage Yankees with their conventional make up, and whittling, swapping, bragging action. Mr. Drew, in place of the regular stage character, gives a simple old country farmer, simple in manner and yet possessed of that shrewdness which is to the manor born of Yankee land. In conception and action the rendering was artistic, and one well worthy the enthusiastic applause he elicited from a crowded house and an appreciative audience. In "Mazeppa," Frank gave the Brooklynites a specimen of his ability in burlesque, on which occasion he was very ably assisted by Mrs. King, who does this style of thing well. This visit to the city of churches has added hosts of friends to the list Frank has already placed to his credit, and besides that, it has helped to give the Park Theatre a decided lift in securing a permanent position as the established temple of the drama in Brooklyn.

LAURA KEENE "put in an appearance," as ye pugs have it, in Brooklyn, on Monday, Oct. 17th, her opening piece being the "Love Chase," but the Academy was not half filled on the occasion. On the 18th, she played a trump card and took the trick, a crowded house greeting her as Florence Trenchard in "Our American Cousin." On the 19th, Molliere's comedy of "Tounette, or the Saucy Housemaid," was produced, the attendance being about half what it was the night previous. This comedy is a keen satire on the medical humbugs of the day, and in that respect is as pointed and applicable now as it was fifty years ago. It was creditably presented, the features of the performance being Laura Keene's Tounette and Dyott's Argan. On the 20th, the "American Cousin" was repeated, but though the attendance was good, it was not up to the mark of Tuesday. The fact is, Laura has not the talented company she had on her previous visit, and the Brooklynites were not slow in realizing the fact.

BELLA GOLDEN is the reigning attraction at the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill., where she has created quite a *furore.*

AT the Olympic, Cincinnati, Ohio, "Leah, the Forsook," with Harry Clifford as Leah, has been running to good business.

AT the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., "first-class stars" are wanted by Acting Manager Wilkinson. They have a good stock company, and W. W. Pratt has been added to their number. See advertisement.

THE Newark (N. J.) Theatre, having been thoroughly overhauled and rejuvenated, will be re-opened on the 31st inst., under the management of Miss Kate Fisher, with a well-selected stock company. A juvenile man is wanted. See advertisement in another column.

Miss KATE FISHER, as soon as she gets the Newark (N. J.) Theatre in running order, will start out on her starring tour through the West and Southwest with her horse Wonder. Managers wishing to secure this lady for the production of "Mazeppa" and other horse pieces, will find her address in another column.

SHIRLEY H. FRANCE'S address is inquired for. See card in our advertising department.

THE Tremont Theatre, Boston, has closed, and the company has gone to Portland, Me., to perform this week.

DAN SETCHELL is the star at Grover's Washington Theatre, making his bow on the 24th, in Capt. Edward Cuttle and Hugh De Bras.

AT the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, "Ione" has been withdrawn, and the comedy of "A Bull in a China Shop" was on the bills for representation Oct. 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE are at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, commencing on the 24th, in "Handy Andy," "Mischievous Annie" and "The Returned Volunteer."

THE German opera at the Boston Theatre, under Leonard Grover's management, met with the most decided success last week. "Don Giovanni," "Magic Flute," "La Dame Blanche," "Fidelio," "Der Freischutz" and "Robert le Diable" have been given.

Miss ELLA PALMER, formerly a member of the Cubas Ballet Troupe, has taken to playing the "French Spy," and appeared in that piece lately with success at the New Memphis Theatre. Since then she has been engaged as a regular member of the company, and is now playing in the farces.

THE theatre at Natches, Miss., was in a flourishing state at last accounts. On the 8th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury and Miss Emma were added to the company. "The Hunchback," "Don Cæsar" and the "Honeymoon" were produced the week previous to the 8th, and each piece was witnessed by a large audience. Owing to the continued indisposition of Miss Edstrom, Miss Carrie Lester has been doing the leading business. Miss Emma is highly spoken of as a first-class *danseuse.* The theatre is under the management of Mr. D. G. Smythe.

Miss MARY CAREY made her first appearance before a public audience on the 21st inst., at the Boston Museum, as Margery, in "The Rough Diamond," for the benefit of L. R. Shewell. She has heretofore distinguished herself by an amateur performance of this part, and at her *debut* confirmed the favorable impression which she then created. Miss Carey, it is said, has unquestioned qualifications for a successful career on the stage.

MR. CHAS. POPE, the well-known California tragedian, is prepared to make arrangements for six or twelve nights, through his agents, Messrs. Conner & Co. of this city.

A DRAMATIC TROUPE is wanted for Griswold Hall, Troy, N. Y., by Jas. Conner & Co. of this city.

THE Yankee spirit of goaheaditiveness is manifested wherever the boys get a foothold, and sometimes *before* they get a foothold. A case in point. We have before us a letter from one of the actor people, in a Pennsylvania Regiment, 4½ miles from Richmond. The writer is J. L. Lingard, of the 199th Pa. Vols. He says they expect to be in Richmond in less than a month, and he has had the promise from several influential officers that *he shall have a lease of the Richmond Theatre* as soon as they can get in there. Pretty good for a Yankee speculation. In the same regiment with Mr. L. are T. B. Franklin, utility and comedy man; C. Matthews, utility; and Harry O'Donnell, walking gentleman. No doubt the boys will get started in time for the holidays.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter open the ball at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 24th, in "London Assurance." It is their first appearance in that city since their return from "travels in many lands."

THE German Opera Troupe take possession of the Philadelphia Academy of Music on or about Nov. 7th.

ANY lady wishing to learn to perform horse pieces, has an excellent opportunity offered her by one who wishes to take a lady and instruct her in the business, and travel next summer. Address "Equestrian," care of this office.

VESTVALI's engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, has thus far proved pecuniarily successful. "Bel Demonio" gives place this week to "Gamea, the Hebrew Fortune Teller." She concludes there on the 29th, and will be succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MRS. MARTHA JEROME is at present in Leavenworth City, Kansas, with her two sons, Little Tommy and Wallie, and is in want of assistance. The two little fellows are aged respectively four and three years, and are said to be exceedingly clever Ethiopian performers. They are said to sing, dance and act with as much care and grace as if they were old at the art. Tommy's "Essence of Old Virginny" is pronounced a big thing. Mrs. Jerome is desirous of coming East, and any manager desirous of getting two good and attractive people at a small salary and at the same time by doing so lending a helping hand to a widowed lady, have an excellent opportunity. By forwarding to Mrs. Jerome, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, her railroad fare, any manager can secure the services of the two prodigies for a month in payment. The lady seems to be very anxious to come East, and we hope some one will lend a helping hand.

SAM. SANFORD has taken the building in Race street, above Second, Philadelphia, formerly known as McDonough's Olympic Theatre, and having had it thoroughly rejuvenated, will open there with a Minstrel Band November 15th, as Sanford's New Opera House. Samivel closes his travelling season at Trenton, N. J., on the 29th inst., and then goes to Philadelphia, to reorganize and prepare for the winter season.

C. A. MORRIS' MINSTRELS commenced at Montreal, C. E., on the 18th, and continued during the week.

MR. HARRY MACON, banjoist, with S. S. Sanford's Opera Troupe, was taken suddenly ill at the Dickinson House, Corning, N. Y., on the 14th inst., with hemorrhage of the lungs, but is now doing as well as can be expected.

THE BANJO is a popular instrument, and many there are who would like to learn to play it. These should make particular note of Chas. Dobson's advertisement in another column, in which he promises to teach a tune in five minutes. He also has banjos for sale.

MR. J. H. CLIFFORD, of Campbell's Minstrels, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for pupils to learn the art of jig, reels, or walk around dancing. Those desirous of becoming proficient in the business will find Mr. Clifford's advertisement in another part of this paper.

ARLINGTON & CO.'S MINSTRELS are billed to appear in Detroit, Mich., on the 28th and 29th inst.

NED TURNER, end man and general performer, together with his youthful *protege*, Master Tommy, clog dancer, informs managers in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER that he is prepared to negotiate for an engagement.

THE "OLYMPIC MINSTRELS AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE" is the title of a new organization of minstrels started in New York, and are on their first tour. They opened in Yonkers on the 18th, Peekskill 19th, Newburgh 20th, Tarrytown 21st, Sing Sing 22d, and show in Newark 24th and 25th. The following performers compose the troupe: Jos. Wadsworth, T. H. Jackson, M. B. Leavitt, Billy Blair, E. J. Kelley, Geo. Germaine, Fred Williams, J. L. Davenport, Masters Goodwin & Collins, J. H. Ackerson, H. Shultz, August Speck, J. W. Driscoll; S. J. Carroll & J. H. O'Neil are proprietors, and J. H. O'Neil, advertising agent. M. B. Leavitt and Billy Blair are on the "end," while T. H. Jackson does the middle biz.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS played to a large audience in Albany on the 19th.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS are strengthed this week by the addition of L. Myers, styled the musical wonder, who will perform on seven instruments at the same time. A new farce written by Jas. McCloskey expressly for the company, and entitled "Where is the Goose?" is produced for the first time. Hooley's Opera House, in Brooklyn, is a very pleasant place to wile away an evening in. The company is a good one, and novelties are constantly being produced.

NEWCOMB'S PARTY were in Troy two nights last week, and Griswold Hall was well filled on the occasion. Sergeant Childers, the drill man, is with this troupe.

RAYNOR'S CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS open in Troy on the 25th.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON CLADS appear at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 27th and 28th, and Oswego the 29th.

EPH HORN, who has been engaged by Mr. Corbyn for California, has had permission to defer his departure for a few months.

MORAN'S MINSTRELS, in Philadelphia, are gradually augmenting the strength of their troupe, and this week announce Mr. N. Kelley, tenor singer, for an appearance. They are doing a very lively business, and an enlargement of their hall is contemplated. This certainly looks like prosperity.

A "SHAM TRIAL" is in progress in Philadelphia, in which some well-known professionals figure. Perhaps it is best to state, in order that the wool may not be pulled over the eyes of CLIPPER readers, that this affair comes off at Carncross & Dixey's Minstrel Hall, and E. N. Slocum is the lawyer; J. L. Carncross, one of the parties; E. F. Dixey, as Jake Toughmutton, another; and Lew Simmons shows up as Mr. Skinflint. There's plenty of fun in it. The troupe is doing well.

Music Halls.

THE BUILDING formerly known as "The Varieties," in Washington, D. C., is being torn completely out, and undergoing considerable alterations. The new lessees, Messrs. Fox, Curran & Norris, are well known in the music hall business, and with such men at the wheel the thing is bound to be a success. There will be three tiers, and the building when completed, we are informed, will seat 5,000 persons. "The Oxford Hall of Music," when completed, will probably be the finest music hall in the United States. Artistes who desire to be present at the opening, will please glance at our advertising columns.

M. JOHN DENIER publishes a card in this issue of the CLIPPER, warning the public against parties who are playing under false colors, viz., using his name without any right whatever. Down East there is a party named Harry Hoyt, who is travelling under the assumed name of Denier without any right or title, and out West there is a lady using the name of M'lle Denier. Now Mr. Denier, the legitimate John Denier, seriously objects to outsiders "cabbaging" his name, as he has worked hard to gain a reputation, and what little he has got he don't want stolen from him by itinerants.

ON TUESDAY evening, Oct. 16th, Mr. Chris. Norris took his leave from "Fox's Casino," Philadelphia, for Washington, to superintend the fitting up of the new music hall in that city, in which he is interested. Before leaving the Casino, Mr. George C. Moore and the whole of the company clubbed together and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed cane, of the value of $75. The presentation was made by Mr. James Pilgrim, on the stage, and Mr. Norris responded with a few very appropriate remarks.

THE DEFIANCE THEATRE, Cairo, Ill., now used for music-hall performances, is at present under the sole management of Mr. R. Edwards. The prices of admission have been reduced, and the attractions augmented. On the 17th inst., among the new faces were Dan W. Griffiths and Dick McGowan. Julia Edwards and Bob Edwards are in the company.

THE AMERICAN CONCERT HALL, Montreal, C. E., is open with the following company—Jenny Grey, Belle Jones, Annie Forrest, Mary Webb, Alice Conner, Henry Johnson, John Beater, Prof. Millard and Prof. Rechards.

THE MADISON, Wis., Varieties has been opened by Messrs. Hoskins and Dan Shelby, with Leslie May as stage manager. In the company are the Bliss family, Dan Shelby, Mr. Kanan and Maggie Nichols.

MISS EMMA MILES took a benefit at Bert's New Idea, San Francisco, on Sept 21st, when Mr. A. J. Talbott appeared, and with a common duelling pistol, at a distance of thirty feet, shot an apple from the head of Johnny De Angelis. Previous to shooting at the apple, Mr. Talbott convinced the audience of his complete mastery in the use of the deadly weapon, by shooting a small coin from between the fingers of Mr. De Angelis, and other like experiments.

MASTER ANDREW, bone soloist, played his way into public notice at Cadwell's Music Hall, Milwaukee, on the 10th.

JOHNNY MACK and Little Mac have formed a copartnership, and will for the future travel together.

HARRY KELLY, clog dancer, and Nettie Kraft are the new cards this week at the Bowery, St. Louis. W. A. Wray, Master Morrissey, Tom Coney and Millie Frances have left.

PARKER'S OPERA HOUSE, Alexandria, Va., has the following company at present performing there: Fanny Forrest, Jennie Engel, La Petite Flora, M'lle Sallie, Dick Parker, W. B. Cavanagh, R. Fraser, R. Myers and G. Hill.

AT KERWIN'S MELODEON, Chicago, Louisa Payne Wray and Ada Wray commenced an engagement on the 17th inst.

MARY WALTON, vocalist, was lying seriously ill in Albany, last week, as we are informed by our correspondent.

MANAGER GEORGE LEA'S Combination Troupe of vocalists, banjoists, guitarists, female jiggists, clog-dancers, delineators of negro eccentricities, acrobats, pantomimists, terpsichoreanists and tight-rope ascensionists, is at present holding forth, in gorgeous array, at the Canterbury, Washington. Last week the attendance was very good; in fact, on several occasions, standing-room was at a premium, which fact is not to be wondered at when the great attractions offered are taken into consideration. Cherry Belle was the principal card last week, and her peculiar style of acting has met with deserved success. Josh Hart and John Mulligan lead off the burnt corkites every night. Manager Lee has now under engagement to him, Annetta Galetti, M. John Denier, John Mulligan, Delehanty, Ward, Cherry Belle, Naomi Porter, Szolossy, Josh Hart, Laura Le Claire and others, all of whom can be secured by managers by making application to Mr. Lea, as instructed in an advertisement elsewhere.

FRED AIMS' MELODEON, Pittsburgh, is doing a fair business, and retains all the old favorites, prominent among whom is W. A. Wray, who calculates trying his fortune in Europe the coming winter. We understand that Fred Aims has engaged the following notables, who will appear as follows: Billy Holmes and Louisa Robinson for the 24th; Bob Butler and Amelia Wells for the 31st; Marietta Ravel, Geo. Edeson, L. J. Donnelly, Master Winter Ravel, etc.

CANIS LATRAT, according to the Latins, means that "the dog barks," but a modern juvenile authority says that "the cane hurts" is the correct rendering. Let that be as it may, however, we'll bet a McClellan pin against a Jeff Davis shinplaster, that the cane that the company at Fred Aims' Melodeon, at Pittsburgh, Pa., presented to Josh Hart, the stage manager, on the 14th inst., didn't hurt him any; for it was gold mounted, and was valued at $80. On the head of the cane is engraved the following: "Presented to Josh Hart by the Melodeon Company and his friends of Pittsburgh, Oct. 14th, 1864." There are three plates down the side of the head, on which are the names of the donors—Fred Aims, Thomas A. Wilks, John Welsh, Dave Hall, J. C. Campbell, Dick Collins, Al. Hartnee, Dennis Gallagher, William Dawson, John Sarber, Sigs. Henrico and Leon Chennat, Millie Fowler, Clara Fowler, Rose Smith, Ellen Gallagher, Emma Gardiner, and Julia Price. The cane was presented by J. C. Campbell in a very neat speech, in which he alluded to the duties of a stage manager being very hard, but that Mr. Hart had carried them out to the entire satisfaction of both manager and performers. Mr. Hart replied briefly and in fitting terms, and after the presentation ceremonies were concluded, the company sat down to a very nice supper given by the grateful recipient of this very valuable gift, when a jolly good time was enjoyed, and thus passed off one of the most pleasant affairs ever experienced by the parties concerned.

THE COLUMBUS VARIETIES is open for the season, under the management of Messrs. Sweetman and Hull, with a good company, including such talent as M'lle. Josephine De Vanier, the female tight-ropist, Maude Florence, the charming *danseuse*, Hattie Wilson, the dulcet warbler, Dave Williams, Matt Thompson, Charlie Hull, Hughy Clark, John Sweetman, Phil Diefenbach, J. H. Webb, and W. Lindsey. The managers want more of the same sort. See their advertisement for talent in another column.

CHERRY BELLE, the female pantomimist, banjoist, magician, &c., is numbered among the galaxy of stars now under manager Lea's control. The audiences at the Canterbury, Washington D. C. are, we learn, very much pleased with her. See advertisement.

MDLLE. MARIETTA RAVEL, the graceful and intrepid *danseuse* and tight-rope performer, is among the leading attractions at the National Theatre, Cincinnati. It is fortunate for her that "only one encore is allowed" at this establishment, for if it were not so her arduous business would be largely added to.

MOLLIE JOSEPHINE is said to be some as a gymnast and on the flying trapeze. A fascinating female in physical exercises would prove to be as attractive a performance as any on the boards, in our opinion, and managers on the look out for such a star should address Mr. Wm. H. Young, as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

MR. GEORGE EDESON, the well-known Music Hall stage manager, has left the National, Cincinnati, and gone to Pittsburgh.

THE ALLEGHANIAN MINSTRELS appeared at the Madison, Wis., Varieties last week, in conjunction with the regular company.

THE NATIONAL, Cincinnati, is now conducted by Messrs. Sinn and Hess, Mr. Edeson having withdrawn last week. M'lle. Marietta Ravel, W. E. Lester, contortionist, James S. Edwards, Nelly Taylor and A. J. Leavitt, were the principal cards last week.

A MUSIC HALL, said to be one of the best and largest in the country, is advertised for sale in this issue by Charles Gluck.

THE IRISH DOG ROMEO makes his bow wow before a Philadelphia audience, at the Casino, this week......"The Album of Beauty" will also be opened for the perusal of the patrons of the house.

MISS JENNIE JOHNSON and Charley Kane put in an appearance at the Canterbury, Washington, D.C., on the 24th instant.

Circuses.

A CLOWN IN LUCK.—WALLA-WALLA, W. T., Sept. 5, 1864.—ED. N. Y. CLIPPER: The Dan Rice Circus Company having made a tour through Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories, arrived here yesterday. Mr. W. T. Aymar, the proprietor of the concern, having donned the "stripes," has shown as clown, and in connection with the usual greetings, has received the following testimonials in the mining towns. At Idaho City he was made the recipient of a beautiful gold medal, weighing sixteen ounces, and composed of the virgin dust taken from the soil around that city. Upon it was the inscription, "Presented to William T. Aymar by his friends of Idaho City, Idaho Territory, as the pioneer of Idaho Territory, as an artist in his profession, and as a gentleman in private life. Your Universal Friends. August 23d, 1864." At Placerville, Hog'em, Pioneer City, and Centreville he was presented by the miners with some twenty "specimens" of pure gold, taken from the mines around these places. At Walla-Walla, a beautiful town situated in the centre of a fine agricultural valley, nestled down at the foot of the Blue Mountains, he met many friends whom he had known in the far-away east, and here, again, the people exhibited their appreciation of his worth by acts of generosity. The first was a large gold ring, weighing two ounces, and beautifully set with precious stones, with the inscription, "Presented to Mr. W. T. Aymar by the citizens of Walla-Walla, W. T., as a testimonial of their regard." The ring had evidently been prepared before his arrival, as it was presented on the first night of his performance. The presentation was greeted by the assembled throng with "three times three," and received by him gracefully and with appropriate remarks. He was also presented with a beautifully engraved silver frame by his old friend, John J. Ryan, in return for his likeness. This is a *fast* country; the people are energetic, enterprising, and liberal, nearly all of them making money, as a result of the rich mines by which they are surrounded, and they distribute their means with no miserly hands. From hence the troupe will proceed, in a couple of days, to the capital of Oregon, to be present at the State Fair, which begins on the 27th instant, and which is looked forward to by the people here, for hundreds of miles around, as a season of cheerful re-union, and with an interest equaling that with which the people of the east look forward to the meeting of the World's Fair. W. C. S.

L. B. LENT'S EQUESCURRICULUM is prolonging its tenting season, and staying out as long as it can. It is pretty cold now in the evening under canvass, but the boys manage to keep warm in their tights by turning an extra flip-flap. The show is doing a good business, and, as long as the people will come and sit under a tent, the manager will hold on. This week this show is at Cincinnati, commencing on the 24th, on the lot corner of Eighth and Freeman streets. Jimmy Robinson has joined the party, and, with such names as Mad. Tourniaire, the Stickney and Madigan families, and the Conrad Brothers, a good week's business ought to be done.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS is represented as showing in Memphis to $1200 a day.

S. B. HOWES' Great Circus is advertised at St. Louis for two weeks, commencing Oct. 24th.

THE METROPOLITAN CIRCUS brought their season to a close on the 14th inst., at Lancaster, N. Y., most of the company starting for New York city; the Whettony Brothers and Master Tommy left for Detroit, to play a short engagement at the Metropolitan Varieties, which is said to be doing a good biz.

SPALDING & ROGERS' Ocean Circus will leave for Havana early in November. A den of Mabie's performing animals will be taken along with the concern, including the baby elephant, kangaroo, etc. Mr. C. J. Rogers is now in New York making preparations for the departure of the company.

THE HANLON BROTHERS expect to leave England for New York about the middle of November.

M. VERRECKE will sail for Havana, Cuba, in three weeks, to join Chiarini's Circus Company, to make his *debut* there Dec. 1st, in his three flying trapeze act.

VAN AMBURGH & CO'S MENAGERIE exhibits at Ellenville on the 25th inst.; Monticello, 26th; Bloomingburgh, 27th; Warwick, 28th;

Bloomingdale, 29th; Patterson, 31st; and brings the tenting season to a close at Newark, N. J., Nov. 2d. The season has been one of the most prosperous ever experienced.

THE canvas, seats, poles, ropes, etc., of a circus are offered for sale, particulars of which may be ascertained by reference to a card in another column.

Miscellaneous.

THE PAIGE BROTHERS have been giving entertainments in Vermont. They appear at Calais, Me., on the 25th inst. Charley Knight, violinist, joined the company on the 10th inst.

THE BAND on duty at the hospital, Montpelier, Vt., gave a concert at Washington Hall, in that city, on the 15th inst., when the hall was crowded.

THE OLD Alleghanians & Swiss Bell Ringers perform in Albany, N. Y., on the 24th and 25th inst. D. G. Waldron is ahead as *avant courier*.

THE FAKIR OF AVA gave his feats of prestidigitation at Tweddle Hall, Albany, last week.

FALLON'S STEREOPTICON was at Nordheimer's Hall, Montreal, C. E., last week.

MRS. WENTWORTH STEVENSON (formerly Laura Honey) has been giving a series of concerts in Canada, assisted by M. La Rue, M. Gauthier, M. Lavoie and M. C. Lavallee.

Miss IDA MACFARLAN, the child reader, was announced to give selections from her readings at Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, C. E., on the 25th inst.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and Wm. Hayward, after a successful season on the Pacific coast, were about leaving California for Nevada and Utah. They were in San Pablo, Cal., Sept. 21st; Monterey, 22d; Somerville and Antioch, 23d and 24th. Sept. 26th they were to be in Stockton, and 27th at Copperopolis.

A GOOD COMIC PERFORMER is always a favorite with a discriminating audience, and when such as W. B. Harrison, the comic vocalist, impromptu poet, &c., and Percy Stanly, the popular double-voiced vocalist, offer their services conjointly, managers should be on the alert to secure them. Read their advertisement, and let the duo be engaged.

FATHER KEMP'S Old Folks have started on their tenth annual tour, and will appear in some of the Eastern cities on their way West. In addition to the Old Folks Troupe, Father Kemp has engaged Mr. W. P. and Mrs. Georgie Dean Spaulding, the well-known harpists. Mrs. S. is one of the best harpists in America, and will appear at each performance, singing and playing some of her favorite solos and operatic airs.

THE CARTER ZOUAVES perform in Adrian, Mich., on the 24th and 25th inst.; Detroit, 26th and 27th; and Marshall, 28th and 29th. They are steering for Chicago.

ALF BURNETT has been doing well at the Brooklyn Athenæum last week, but he deserved *crowded* houses, and would have had them but for the fact of the counter attraction offered by the presence of Frank Drew at the Park and Laura Keene at the Academy. He is one of the best humorists we have ever seen; and his entertainments, besides being enjoyable for their wit and humor, are highly instructive as admirable lectures on elocution.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY D. A. gave on Oct. 19th decidedly their best performance of the season. Our correspondent says—"The auditorium was densely packed, very nearly all being of the fair sex. The plays were 'Everybody's Friend' and 'Perfection.' In the first piece, Mr. Brooke sustained the principal part, Felix Featherly, and was warmly applauded throughout the entire play. His scene with Mrs. De Boots was really excellent, and deserves much praise. Frank Icebrook, by Mr. Wallace, was good; although not knowing his part in the first act, he attoned for it by the manner in which he played in the last. Major De Boots, by Mr. Halfish, was really a treat. He dressed the character well, and in the last act could not have been better; he was immensely applauded. Mrs. Swansdown, by Miss Stanley; Mrs. Featherley, by Miss Vernon; Mrs. De Boots, by Miss Campbell; and the small part of Fanny, by Miss McKinley, were excellent, and all deserve great credit for the manner in which they dressed, *not* distressing the audience by appearing in the same dress throughout the entire play. In the afterpiece, Mr. Brooke, as Chas. Paragon, was very good indeed, and was most ably supported by the rest of the company. Kate O'Brien, by Miss Vernon, was *par excellence;* speaking of this lady, I may say with perfect confidence that she is decidedly the best amateur in this city. No matter what she undertakes, whether the part is long or short, it is always creditably performed. Sir Lawrence Paragon, by Mr. Burns, was a clever performance, and deserves especial mention. The balance of the characters were all well performed."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE MENKEN IN LONDON.—HER DEBUT BEFORE A BRITISH AUDIENCE—A GRAND SUCCESS.—Adah Isaacs Menken, after weeks of careful preparation, made her *debut* before a London audience, at Astley's, on Monday evening, Oct. 3d, in her great speciality of "Mazeppa," and, from all accounts, it was one of the greatest successes ever known in England. Astley's has been thronged, nightly, and, commodious as the establishment is, it fails to hold thousands who seek to gain admittance. It is with much pleasure we chronicle this splendid success of Miss Menken, for it is to her own indomitable energy that she owes her triumph. It seems but a short time ago that she was alone and almost friendless in the world, battling against the combined attacks of a clique who had well-nigh accomplished her ruin, but whom she finally routed, and again established herself in public favor. Look at her now. Behold what a proud position she occupies in the world of amusements, attained by hard work, a cheerful disposition, and an iron will. But to her London *debut*. We will throw aside our special correspondence on the subject, and confine ourselves to extracts from the criticisms of the leading daily papers of London. First, then, let the *Thunderer* speak:

From the London Times, Oct. 7th.

Horses are again at Astley's; there is once more an equestrian drama in London, and now, when we see "Mazeppa" reappear in more brilliant condition than ever, we are inclined to wonder that the capital has been so long without an entertainment of the kind. Mr. E. T. Smith, the present lessee, has acted wisely in reviving "Mazeppa," for, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Battle of Waterloo," it is the most successful piece ever brought out at Astley's. One great feature in the revival of "Mazeppa" is the performance of the principal character by Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, a lady who has created a *furore* in the United States, and who, in giving reality to the part, *goes through perils which were never contemplated by her male predecessors.* When first the horse is started, with the rider strapped to his back, he appears on a succession of platforms till he nearly reaches the top of the stage. In the old days it was the practice to allow the real Mazeppa to retire when he had passed across the lowest platform, so that the rest of the journey was performed by another horse, mounted by a dummy. *Miss Menken, on the other hand, plays her game without a dummy, and fairly ascends the greatest possible height.* The combats, and other athletic feats belonging to the part, *she performs with wonderful vigor and spirit, a magnificent figure greatly increasing the effect of her achievements.* Something should be said about her costume. Female attire is almost as ticklish a subject to touch upon as spirit-rapping; one can hardly refer to either without offending somebody, and whether the speaker leans towards prudery or coquetry, his peril will be about the same. However, as many may recollect the very scanty attire worn by Mr. Cartlitch and his successors in the performance of "Mazeppa," and many think that this ultra-classical costume must look odd upon a lady, it is but fair to state that Miss Menken has made the Polish oppressor much more merciful than of yore to the wardrobe of the young Tartar. Her dress is certainly not one that Queen Elizabeth would have recommended to her maids of honor, but certainly, also, it is not a whit more objectionable than those of the female Highland boys and mythological beauties who are now accepted as matters of course.

The *tableaux* with which the piece abounds are got up in excellent style, and there is every indication that a new spirit of enterprise will mark this re-appropriation of Astley's to its original dramatic uses.

From The Morning Post.

The revival of the popular spectacle of "Mazeppa," which took place at this theatre on Monday evening, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, *was attended with such unequivocal success* that the performance is likely to improve the fortunes of the establishment. The immediate object of the reproduction of this long-remembered piece was to afford the public an opportunity of witnessing another "sensation" in the shape of a lady playing the part of Mazeppa, and performing those feats of agility and prowess which have heretofore been accomplished, not by Mazeppa himself, but by "deputy." The name of the lady is Adah Isaacs Menken, and she appears to be *gifted with all those qualities which lend to make a graceful and impassioned actress,* where physical rather more than mental force is essentially required. She went through the entire representation with a strength of nerve and an amount of masculine vigor and intensity *which certainly startled the spectators,* and when, lashed to the back of a wild horse, she performed the perilous journey over the rocks, *they rewarded her with the most vociferous tokens of their entire satisfaction and approval.*

From The Advertiser.

The season at Astley's Theatre commenced last night, and the appearance of the spacious and elegant house, soon after the doors were thrown open—*crowded as it was, from floor to ceiling—was something unprecedented at this time of the year.* Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee, ventured upon a bold but hazardous experiment, in announcing the reproduction of the well-known drama of "Mazeppa," founded upon Byron's poem, with the principal character performed by a lady. Curiosity was excited to an extraordinary degree, as to the effect of this experiment upon public taste, and, though it was stated that Miss Adah Isaacs Menken had won well-deserved laurels in California, the colonies, and the United States, there were many who doubted its success in this country. *If the verdict of last night may be accepted as conclusive, no greater theatrical triumph has ever been achieved.* Miss Menken was received with hearty plaudits on her appearance as Cassimer, in the first act, and, as it progressed, *showed dramatic powers of a very high order,* and was enthusiastically recalled at the fall of the curtain. The terrific ride up steep and wild mountain-paths, the fording of rivers, the leaps down precipices, and the other exciting accessories, was given with an energy and truthfulness which drew forth frequent and warm applause, and *Mr. Smith had again twice to lead Miss Menken across the stage amidst a shower of bouquets and almost rapturous acclamations.* Both in the first and second acts, Mazeppa has to take part in frequent combats, and, whether on foot, or mounted as in the tournament, *proved herself no less accomplished in the use of her weapons than as a horsewoman.* In the tent-scene of the second act, after Mazeppa has been released and recognized by his father, *Abder Khan* (Mr Samuel Emery), Miss Menken's gradual awakening from the recollections of her fearful ride to the comprehension of her rescue and safety, were very vividly and gracefully portrayed, and the series of poses taken from the most celebrated sculptors of antiquity, in which, armed with sword and shield, she was supposed to give vent to her rejoicings at recovered liberty and aspirations after fame, were highly artistic and effective. She has only to curb a rather exuberant use of the extended arms to satisfy a critical taste in this respect. Slim in figure, of middle stature, and sinewy, *though beautifully formed in limb,* the scanty drapery in which she carries on the main action of the drama is admirably calculated to exhibit these physical capabilities for the part, while, at the same time, *avoiding any offensive display,* and the *female portion of the audience were as enthusiastic in their applause as the masculine.* Mr. Smith has mounted the drama with unusual splendor and almost lavish expenditure, and a long and prosperous run may be fairly predicted for "Mazeppa" in its new dress and its novel attraction. At the close, Miss Menken was twice recalled, and, on the second occasion, expressed, in brief but appropriate terms, her heartfelt thanks for the kindness, the warmth, with which she had been received, both of which she hoped to deserve.

From the News.

ASTLEY'S.—After a short recess, Astley's Royal Amphitheatre reopened for the season last night, under circumstances of unusual attraction. The theatre was crowded to excess, there being scarcely standing-room in any part, a vast crowd being drawn together by the curiosity they felt to see the difficult part of Mazeppa sustained by a woman; nor were they disappointed, for it is but justice to Miss Adah I. Menken to say that she sustained it last night, from the commencement of the piece to the end, with a fire and energy which elicited alike the astonishment and admiration *of the spectators.* The difficulty of representing Mazeppa by a female has been cleverly got over by the adoption of a classical costume, which enabled the lady to favor the audience, in the course of the piece, with a representation of many well-known classical figures. On the conclusion of each act, and there are three, Mr. Smith and Miss Menken were called before the curtain, and received the plaudits of the house. On being called for the third time, Miss Menken made a short address, expressing, to the first British audience before whom she had performed, her profound gratification at the kind manner in which she had been received.

From the Sun.

Astley's Theatre was re-opened for the season last night by Mr. E. T. Smith, under the most favorable auspices, every part of the building being crowded to excess. With the drama of "Mazeppa," which followed, everybody is well acquainted; but the great novelty of this season is the appearance of a lady, Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, as Mazeppa. This lady, who has earned laurels in the United States, of which we understand she is a native, *certainly filled the part to perfection,* to use the words of the bills—"Fighting her own combats and climbing the fearful precipices on horseback herself, and not by deputy," and by her graceful action *succeeded in drawing down thunders of applause and repeated encores.* From the enthusiasm with which she was received last night, there is little doubt that her sojourn at this theatre will prove a very great attraction.

From the Morning Star.

For some little time past the dead walls and boardings of the metropolis have been placarded with huge colored woodcuts, representing an almost naked woman tied on the back of an exceedingly rampant steed, and the appended letter press intimated that this was the appearance which Miss Adah Isaacs Menken would present at this house in one prominent scene of the revived romantic drama of "Mazeppa." Sober-minded folks rubbed their eyes in blank amazement at the announcement that such an exhibition was about to take place in a respectable English theatre—and the pruriently disposed resolved that they would be there to see. The extent of the excitement aroused by the promised performance was proved by *the densely crowded state of the house last evening,* when "Mazeppa" was played, and Miss Adah Isaacs Menken assumed the character of the hero. But those who expected to witness something indecent *must have been generally disappointed,* for the costume of the lady at the critical moment was not a bit like that represented in the widely dispensed engravings, and even on the playbill itself. When she was lashed on the back of the wild Tartar steed, she wore over her fleshings a white linen garment rather high in the neck, fitting the body loosely, and terminating in short trousers, reaching half way to the knee. If the dress had been made of colored satin, no one would have dreamed of objecting to it as an atom more indelicate than those which are habitually tolerated when worn by actresses in extravaganzas, and it was decidedly superior in propriety to the universal stage garb of the *corps de ballet.* She was really bound to the back of the horse in full view of the audience, and carried by the animal up the precipitous cliffs—by this achievement putting to shame the male representatives of the character who have been accustomed to do this by deputy. She was received on her entrance with a tempest of applause, and at the end of the first act, after her great equestrian exploit, she was twice called before the curtain, and, being led on each time in her light costume by Mr. E. T. Smith, was greeted with tumultuous acclamation.

From the Telegraph.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, who last night was exhibited as the great attraction on the occasion of Mr. E. T. Smith re-opening his theatre for the season, may be described as having an excellent figure associated with a pretty face, which are both set off by the possessor to the best possible advantage. Her style of acting is that which will be best defined as the result of studying in an "attudinising" school, every sentence being terminated with a *pose,* as if with the view of satisfying an audience of photographers. Her combats are not of such a daring nature that the fastidious would condemn them on account of their involving an unseemly assumption of masculine boldness; and her general demeanor, though sufficiently demonstrative, is not wanting in the feminine quality of grace. Miss Adah Isaacs Menken was twice recalled at the end of the first act, and afterwards received equally enthusiastic proofs of the favor of the audience. The theatre was densely filled in every part.

ELIZA ANN CHERRY, daughter of the late Andrew Cherry, author of "The Bay of Biscay," and manager, died in London, Sept. 19th, aged 77. She had labored in the profession above sixty years

HOW BALLET GIRLS ARE TREATED IN PRUSSIA.—A short time since, a West End agent advertised in the London papers for *ballet*-girls to go abroad. A few went from London, and the following is extracted from a letter received from one of them: "Very sorry I am I ever came to this horrid place. We have been treated shamefully. Never before have English girls been treated so. You must know they advanced us £8, and the agent took £4, and when we got to Paris there was not any one to meet us, and we had to stay there ten days in a hotel, and pay our expenses ourselves, and then we had to pay £1 1s. for railroad tickets, as they made us travel by express part of the way, and the manager only paid second class. We arrived in Berlin at midnight, and no one to tell us what to do, or where to go, and we had to ride about after our journey of twenty-six hours, and, at that time, to look for apartments; and, what was so bad, nearly every girl had only a few shillings left. I think myself and one more had about £1 each. And then the rehearsals! From ten in the morning until three, and then from seven till one and two in the morning; and to-day, Sunday, we have a rehearsal from twelve until goodness knows what time. Oh, dear me! how I wish I was back in England, and going to be at the ——! But I cannot, so I must live three months on saour kraut, as we are going to stay that time, and then we are to go to St. Petersburgh.

The Theatre, Berlin, Prussia, STARVING EMILY ——.

A NEW COMEDY, entitled "The Demon Lover," by John Brougham, was to be produced at the New Royalty Theatre, London, Oct. 10th.

THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON was announced to commence in Paris, Oct. 1st. The chief vocalists are Signora Adelina Patti, Madame Legrange, Madame Meric-Labache, and Signori Antonucci, Baragi, Delle-Sedie, Fraschini, Sarti and Zacchi.

ONE-LEGGED DANCERS are becoming very popular in Hamburg. There are three at present dancing in different saloons in that city.

GOTTSCHALK has just received a letter from Senor Pacheco, informing him that Her Majesty the Queen of Spain had signed a decree making him a Knight of the Order of Charles the Third. How are you, knight?

PROF. J. H. ANDERSON, the "Wizard of the North," is still holding forth at St. James' Hall, London.

FANNY DUPREY, a member of the company at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Edinburgh, died at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sept. 26th, aged twenty years.

MR. CHAS. ADAMS, the Boston tenor, made his *debut* in London Oct. 15th, at Covent Garden, in the opera of "Martha." Mr. Aynsley Cook is in the company.

MR. JOHN COLLINS, after an absence of eighteen years from the London stage, reappeared at the Adelphi, Oct. 3d, appearing as Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, in "The Irish Ambassador," and Teddy, in "Teddy the Tiler." His welcome was most cordial, and throughout the evening he received repeated proofs of the favor of the audience.

MR. WM. TYLER, for many years proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, London, died at Cringleford, near Norwich, Eng., Oct. 2d.

THE COMMON COUNCIL of Washington, D.C., at a meeting on the evening of the 17th inst., made a big raise on the show folks by agreeing upon the following prices for license to show in that place: Circuses, $150 for one night or for the week; dramatic performances, $50 per night; miscellaneous performances, $5 per night.

A FIRST-CLASS DANSEUSE is wanted for Campbell and Castle's English Opera Troupe; also chorus singers and ladies for *corps de ballet.* See advertisement.

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager......W. STUART.
Stage Manager......J. G. HANLY.
Commence at 7¾ o'clock.
Eleventh week of the triumphant engagement of
MR. J. S. CLARKE.
On MONDAY, Oct. 24, MR CLARKE will appear in his immensely comic personation of
PAUL PRY.
The inquisitive hero of Poole's celebrated Comedy of that title. After which he will appear, for positively the last time this season, as
DROMIO,
in Shakespeare's charming creation,
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
TUESDAY, OCT. 25,
will be produced Morton's great Comedy,
THE SCHOOL OF REFORM,
In which MR. CLARKE will play the character of
BOB TYKE. 29

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor......MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager......MR. N. B. CLARKE.
First Nights of
MR. J. B. HOWE'S
Entirely New Drama,
entitled
THE CONVICT MARQUIS,
OR,
THE FLOWER-GIRL OF THE BOULEVARDS.
New Scenery and Effects.
THE HAG OF THE TOMB,
and
HAPPY MAN. 29

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

Lessee, Director, and Manager......G. L. FOX.
Third week of the Grand Tragic Drama,
LYSIAH, THE ABANDONED.
MISS FANNY HERRING,
In her powerful impersonation of the Heroine, received nightly with the most
ENTHUSIASTIC APPROBATION,
Being called before the curtain at the termination of each act, by a select and discriminating audience.
MR. J. B. STUDLEY...... as ...... Nathan, the Apostate Jew.
NEW PANTOMIME—SOLDIER FOR LOVE.
Concluding with a LAUGHABLE FARCE.
FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 28,
The Theatre will close for this night only.
The Company will perform at
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN,
LYSIAH, THE ABANDONED. 29

MUSIC FOR MILITARY BRASS BANDS.---The

subscriber would announce to the BANDS OF OUR ARMY that he has on hand a new assortment of Quicksteps, Marches, Waltzes, &c., arranged for any number of instruments. Persons having any favorite Songs can have them inserted in Original Quicksteps, with entirely new Introductions, Interludes, and Finales. Address, for six weeks, NED STRAIGHT,
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EVERY NIGHT, AND ON
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AT THREE P. M.
DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS AT EACH ENTERTAINMENT.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS. 28-1t

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514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c......HENRY WOOD.
SUCCESS. SUCCESS. IMMENSE SUCCESS.
SECOND WEEK OF SIEGRIST'S
WONDERFUL TROUPE OF PERFORMING DOGS.
The best trained and the most sagacious animals
EVER EXHIBITED TO THE PUBLIC.
Children are delighted with the performance. Adults are amazed at their wonderful sagacity. All agree that they are beyond a doubt the WONDER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
During the past week their performance has been witnessed by
CROWDED HOUSES, ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE,
and SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER from DELIGHTED AUDIENCES,
nightly greet the performances of this Wonderful Troupe of
EDUCATED DOGS. PROF. SEAGRIST & SON.
Will appear in their elegant and daring ACROBATIC FEATS.
WOOD'S MINSTRELS
IN THEIR INIMITABLE ENTERTAINMENT.
Every evening this week. See Programme.
Doors open at a quarter to 7; Commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 29

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199 and 201 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
CHANGE! CHANGE! CHANGE!
MORE NOVELTY!
HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY!
EVERY ACT ENCORED!
PRONOUNCED BY PRESS AND PUBLIC
THE HEAD QUARTERS OF MIRTH AND FUN!
First week of the
CHAMPION CLOG-DANCERS,
COLLINS and GOODWIN.
Last week of
MR. CHARLES AUSTIN,
in his
WONDERFUL ZOUAVE DRILL.
READ THE PROGRAMME.
Box Office open daily, from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 4.
Tickets 25 cents to all parts of the house. 29

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Commences at 7¾.
LAST WEEK, LAST WEEK,
of the Olympic version of Charles Dickens'
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT,
Dramatized by S. K. FISK, ESQ.
MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 24, 1864.
LAST NIGHT BUT FIVE
of
Bailey and his Top Boots,
Pecksniff and his Hypocrisy.
Montague Tigg and his Assurance.
Chevy Slyme and his Genius.
Jonas and his Villainy.
Todgers and her Boarders.
Mercy and Charity and their Lovers.
Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig.
LAST NIGHT BUT FIVE. 29

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,

No. 585 BROADWAY (opposite Niblo's).
HELLER'S SUCCESS
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HELLER'S SUCCESS
IS ENORMOUS.
THE PRANKS OF HIS RED SPIRIT
THE PRANKS OF HIS RED SPIRIT
THE PRANKS OF HIS RED SPIRIT
ARE STARTLING.
And his Fantasia on the
LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
IS ENCHANTING.
The new programme attracts
TIGHTLY JAMMED HOUSES.
TIGHTLY JAMMED HOUSES.
TIGHTLY JAMMED HOUSES.
In the course of the entertainment will be introduced every evening during the ensuing week, a
SOLO ON THE CONCERTINA,
SOLO ON THE ENGLISH CONCERTINA,
BY
MR. A. SEDGWICK,
late Director of Madame Anna Bishop's Concerts.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 3 P. M.

ARTEMUS WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS.
DODWORTH HALL,
806 Broadway.
Next to Grace Church and opposite Eleventh street.
ARTEMUS WARD
having met with the most
UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS,
and his
NEW ENTERTAINMENTS
eliciting
CORDIAL AND CONTINUOUS APPLAUSE,
his
JOURNEY TO SALT LAKE CITY,
will be taken every evening, with as many passengers as his coach can conveniently hold.
Seats in front of the stage can be secured by applying early at the ticket office.
THE SCENES ON THE ROAD
rendered pictorially by MESSRS. HILLIARD AND MAEDER,
comprise
THE STEAMSHIP ARIEL AT SEA,
MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,
VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA,
THE GREAT DESERT BY MOONLIGHT,
GENERAL VIEW OF SALT LAKE CITY,
MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY,
THE SALT LAKE HOUSE,
THE GREAT MORMON THEATRE,
BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM,
HEBER C. KIMBALL'S SERAGLIO,
THE TABERNACLE AND BOWERY,
THE TEMPLE AS IT IS,
THE TEMPLE AS IT IS TO BE,
THE GREAT SALT LAKE,
THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE,
ECHO CANON,
THE PLAINS OF COLORADO,
BRIGHAM YOUNG AMIDST HIS FAMILY.
Doors open every evening at 7½. Commence at 8, P. M.
ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS.
Reserved Central Chairs, $1. Seats can be secured at the Hall, daily, from 9 till 5. 29.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager......WM. WHEATLEY.
Engagement of the
GIFTED YOUNG FAVORITE,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
who will render
ON MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 24, 1864,
and
EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK,
her exquisite personation of
FANCHON; "THE CRICKET,"
in Waldauer's great play of that title.
Fanchon......MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL
(Originally personated by her.)
Landry, Didier, } Twin brothers...... { Mr. J. W. Collier, Mr. Geo. Becks
Father Barbeau......Mr. J. G. Burnett
Old Fadet......Mrs. Farren
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, COSTUMES AND APPOINTMENTS. 29

BROADWAY THEATRE,

NOW "THE" FASHIONABLE RESORT.
NINTH WEEK
of the inimitable
JOHN E. OWENS.
Ninth week of the popular ovation to his surpassing genius. Two-thirds of the seats in the theatre are daily sold before noon, and within
FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER THE DOORS ARE OPENED
THE HOUSE IS DENSELY CROWDED WITH
THE ELITE OF THE CITY.
The most eminent celebrities of the town.
AUTHORS, EDITORS, ARTISTS, AND ACTORS
have held willing tribute to
OWEN'S FAME,
and pronounced his personations
FAULTLESS TRIUMPHS OF COMIC ACTING.
To accommodate the popular "rush," one-half of the Family Circle has been re-seated and decorated and added to the Dress Circle.
VICTIMS AND SOLON SHINGLE EVERY NIGHT.

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at 47 East Broadway. 29-2t*

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MR. JOHN COLLINS, the Irish Comedian and

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MR. SHIRLEY H. FRANCE will please send his

address to MR. FRANK RIVERS, Manager of the Campbell & Castle English Opera Troupe, No. 25 West Houston street, New York. 29

AMUSEMENTS.

THE CAMPBELL & CASTLE,

ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.
The Directors respectfully announce that they have completed their arrangements and re-organized for the season of 1864-5. Thankful for past favors, and the desire shown by the public to sustain the opera in our tongue (as well as to encourage and foster native talent) they will do their utmost in the coming season to render the ENGLISH OPERA SECOND TO NONE OTHER.
In addition to the standard works already performed, will be produced, for the first time in this country, Gonoud's
FAUST;
Wallace's Grand Romantic Opera of
LURLINE;
Benedict's Melo-dramatic Opera of
THE LILY OF KILLARNY;
Or,
THE COLEEN BAWN;
together with Balfe's charming Comic Opera of
THE ROSE OF CASTILE!
Which met with such decided success last season at the OLYMPIC THEATRE, New York, and pronounced by the press and public the rival of his celebrated Bohemian Girl.
With these productions for public favor, they respectfully submit the following
ARTISTS:
MISS FANNIE STOCKTON,
Prima Donna Soprano;
MISS GEORGIE FOWLER,
Contralto;
MISS EMMA LEE,
Secunda Donna, or Second Soprano;
MR. WM. CASTLE,
Primo Tenore, or First Tenor;
MR. WALTER BIRCH,
Secundo Tenore, or Second Tenor;
MR. S. C. CAMPBELL,
Baritone;
MR. WARREN WHITE,
Basso;
MR. JOHN CLARKE,
Basso Buffo.
CONDUCTOR......MR. ANTHONY RIEFF.
With an efficient Chorus and Orchestra.
The Directors also announce that negotiations are pending to bring forward, from time to time, new candidates for lyrical honors, and trust their efforts will be responded to by the public in such a manner as to permanently establish the English Opera.
DIRECTORS......{ MR. S. C. CAMPBELL, MR. WM. CASTLE.
MANAGER......MR. FRANK RIVERS.
N. B.—All business communications should be addressed to MR. FRANK RIVERS, 25 West Houston street, New York. 29-

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Fremont	Parke, T. G.	ADMIRAL.
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100 Portraits (on one card) of the Commanders of the Army and Navy, with the names of each.

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Gen. Hood		Gen. Zollicoffer, &c.

100 Portraits of the Confederate Army and Navy (on one card, with the names).

DRAMATIC.

Adams, Edwin	Davenport, A. H.	Richings, Peter
Allen, Mrs. J. H.	Denin, Miss Kate	Richings, Miss Caroline
Boniface, G. C. and Kate Newton group	Eddy, Edward	Ravel, Marietta
Brown, Louisa (danseuse)	Ernestein, M'lle (danseuse)	Reed, Dave, minstrel
Burke, Ione	Freeman, Miss Isabella	Stockton, Fanny, opera
Bateman, Miss (as "Leah," 9 different styles)	Foster, Miss Nina	Seymour, James also as Dennis O'Hare
Brookes, George	Fisher, Kate (as French Spy)	Setchell, Daniel
Barrett, L. P.	Forrest, Edwin	Shewell, L. R.
Barrett, Miss Mary	Fisher, Charles	Seymour, Nelse, minstrel
Brower, Frank (minstrel)	Floyd, W. R.	Thumb, Tom
Bryant, Dan	Gilbert, John	Thumb, Tom, and lady
Bryant, Neil	Gannon, Mary	Thorne, Emily
Bryant, Jerry	Gottschalk, L. M.	Theatrical Portrait Gallery, containing 100 Portraits of the Leading Actresses of the country, companion to our Card of 100 Actors' Portraits, with names
Bryant & Eph Horn (21 characters)	Heller, Robert, pianist and illusionist	Thompson, Charlotte
Bryant, Dan, & Pell, John (group)	Henriques, Miss	Thompson, G. W.
Bryant Souvenir, containing Portraits of the celebrated Comedian in Irish and Negro characters	Horn, Eph, minstrel	Walby, Miss
Barnum, P. T.	Hoey, Mrs.	Walby, Miss Augusta, danseuse
Barnum, P. T. and Com. Nutt	Herring, Fanny, 6 characters	Wells, Sam. A., minstrel
Brown, Fanny (also in character)	Irving, Henrietta	Wallack's Souvenir, containing all Portraits of the company at Wallack's Theatre, on one card
Booth, J. B. (also as Richard III.)	Jones, Avonia	Wallack, Lester
Booth, Edwin	Jennings, Mrs.	Wallack, J. W., Lester & child, group
Booth, J. Wilkes	Jones, Mrs. W. G.	Williams, Barney
Bowers, Mrs D. P.	Jordan, Mrs. Geo.	Williams, Mrs. Barney
Cushman, Charlotte (also as Romeo)	Kellogg, Clara Louise opera, 8 different positions	Wheatley, William
Cushman, Charlotte (as Lady Macbeth)	Keene, Laura, 6 different positions	Wheatley, Mrs. Wm.
Clifton, Miss Ada	Mitchell, Maggie and Mary, group	Wood, Mrs. John, also as Invisible Prince
Christy, George minstrel	Morris, Lon, minstrel	Webb, Ada
Cubas, Senorita (danseuse)	Morris, Billy, minstrel	Webb, Emma
Chanfrau, F. S.	Morant, Fanny	Webb Sisters, group
Chanfrau, Mrs. F. S.	Menken, Adah Isaacs also as French Spy, 8 different styles	Young Nicolo, gymnast
Collier, J. W.	Mitchell, Maggie	Zanfretta, M'lle, danseuse.
Drew, Frank (negative, taken recently in London)	Mitchell, Mary	Zoe, M'lle, danseuse
Dramatical Portrait Gallery (one card, containing 100 heads of the leading actors of the day and the past, with the names	Nixon, Miss Adelaide	
	Nixon, Miss Frank	
	Owens, John E.	
	Patti, Adelina, negative, taken recent in London	
	Provost, Mary	
	Pennoyer, Miss Kate, danseuse	
	Ross, Emma, danseuse	
	Ross, Ida, danseuse	

PUGILISTS.

Coburn, Joe	Heenan, John C.	Mace, Jem
Cusick, James	Orem, Con	Wilson, Ed
Hyer, Tom		

STATESMEN, ARTISTS, LITERATEURS, &c.

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Greeley, Horace	Opdyke, Geo., mayor	Weed, Hon. Thurlow
		Welles, Hon. Gideon, sec. of the navy

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FRANK B. CONVERSE'S FINAL REPLY TO THE

DOBSON BROTHERS.—Wishing to avoid all unnecessary delay, and to bring the contest to a speedy conclusion, and desiring no further newspaper notoriety in this connection, the Dobson Brothers will take this as my final and only proposition. As they are not disposed to wager an amount to exceed two hundred and fifty dollars, simply for the reason that it would "have the appearance of a money-making scheme," I am willing to accommodate them upon this point, and herewith deposit with Mr. Frank Queen their stated amount [$250]. As the contest will occupy at least two hours, it could not be played "between pieces," the regular rules of "first class Broadway theatres" not admitting of such a delay. Banjo players not understanding the theory of music, are not competent to judge, it being necessary that the written decision should show wherein the victor excels, and such decision can only be given by those who possess the necessary musical knowledge. To avoid all difficulties in the selection of proper persons to decide the contest, THERE MUST BE TWO COMPETENT MUSICAL JUDGES SELECTED FROM EACH OF THE MINSTREL BANDS OF NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN—AS THE ONLY CAPABLE JUDGES ARE TO BE FOUND IN SAID PROFESSION—AND THESE EIGHT CHOOSE, IF NECESSARY, ONE OF THEIR NUMBER TO ACT AS REFEREE; the match to be played in the afternoon at any first class theatre or minstrel hall; and as soon as such can be secured for the purpose; the nett receipts of the hall to be given to the winning man, and the "acclamations of the audience" will probably be given to the one who either has, or may gain, the most admirers on the occasion. THESE ARE MY FINAL AND ONLY TERMS, and if the Dobson Brothers have any confidence in their MUSICAL ABILITIES, they cannot refuse to accede to them.
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when, by special arrangement with
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SIGNORA ELVIRA BRAMBILLA,
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MISS FANNY STOCKTON,
SIGNOR G. LOTTI,
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ON EXHIBITION,
and from which the prizes will be distributed.
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ANOTHER ENTIRE CHANGE.
NEW ARTISTS, NEW ACTS, NEW AND STARTLING NOVELTIES, EQUESTRIAN, GYMNASTIC AND ACROBATIC.
PEERLESS CONGREGATION OF STAR ARTISTS.
First appearance of the world-famed great Australian Bareback Rider,
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M. DUVERNA,
the renowned Contortionist and Boneless Man, with COOKE'S ROYAL CIRCUS. MARIETTA ZANFRETTA on Horseback and Tight Rope. YOUNG NICOLO. New Polish Entree of Ten. NEW COMIC BALLET PANTOMIME by the great French Artists. All the great Artists.
No advance of prices. Reserved seats, 75 cents; Boxes, 50 cents; Amphitheatre, 25 cents. Box open daily from 9 A. M. till 4 P. M. Doors open at 7. Performances begin at 8 o'clock.

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Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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HAVE CONSENTED TO APPEAR UNTIL THE DAY OF THEIR
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GENERAL TOM THUMB AND CHARMING WIFE,
COM. NUTT AND MISS MINNIE WARREN
GIVE THREE ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY,
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THE AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES ARE MOST CROWDED.
At the Morning Levee they appear in
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PRISONER OF SPIELBERG;
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THE ZINGARO AND HIS MONKEY.
TOM THUMB TROUPE.
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PAUL'S RETURN.
PREVIOUS TO PLAY, THE TOM THUMB COMPANY.
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Admission 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

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SEVENTH SUCCESSFUL WEEK,
Houses crowded from pit to dome to witness
A. M. HERNANDEZ'
Great Pantomime of the
SOUTHERN REFUGEE.

Performers in every branch of the profession can always secure good engagements by addressing JAMES CONNER & CO., 25 West Houston street.
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MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
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GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.

The above popular and old established place of amusement is open EVERY NIGHT and on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, for the accommodation of Ladies and Children.

PERFORMERS OF TALENT and ATTRACTIVE BALLET GIRLS always wanted, to whom will be paid from
THIRTY DOLLARS AND UPWARDS PER WEEK.

The following performers are now under engagement to George Lea for a stated period, and can be engaged by RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS for a long or short period.

ANNETI GALETTI,
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The best Ethiopian performer in the profession.
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The World's Champion Clog Dancers.

MR. LEA having noticed several cards lately, embracing challenges from self styled champion clog dancers, takes this method of repeating his challenge to the world for $1000 that Messrs.
DELEHANTY AND WARD
are the best Double Clog Dancers known to the profession. It will be borne in mind that this wager applies only to Double Clog Dancers, or in other words
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CHERRY BELLE,
"The Star of the West;"
Whose brilliant achievements as a
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THE WESNER SISTERS,
ELLA AND MARY.
The accomplished and beautiful Duette Danseuses.
Together with over
FIFTY HANDSOME BALLET GIRLS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—LEA'S MAMMOTH COMBINATION COMPANY will start for New Orleans in the early part of January, 1865. Performers (male and female) wishing to engage for the season at New Orleans, can be employed up to the time of sailing by making immediate application by letter. Address

GEORGE LEA, Canterbury Hall,
Washington, D. C.
29-tf

THE OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC,

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LESSEES.....FOX, CURRAN & MORRIS.

The above named Hall, undoubtedly the largest and most elegant in the world, not excepting the magnificent and costly establishment formerly under the management of the above-named parties, viz., the CANTERBURY, NEW YORK, will open about the 14th November, with a company of artists rarely if ever equalled in this or any other country. Further particulars in future announcements.

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"DRIFTING ABOUT."
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REMARKABLY POPULAR LECTURE.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.--

NOTICE
TO THEATRICAL, CIRCUS AND MUSIC HALL MANAGERS
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M. JOHN DENIER,
The Great Sensational Cataract Rope Ascensionist and Gymnast,
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TONY DENIER,
Pantomimist, and now performing at Barnum's Museum, N. Y.
Managers of all first class places of amusement beware of these FRAUDS.

M. JOHN DENIER,
Sensational Gymnast,
Melodeon, Baltimore, Md.

P. S.—All communications to be addressed to GEO. LEA, Sole Agent, Canterbury, Washington, D. C. 29-1t*

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PROFESSIONAL BANJOS,
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MR. FRANK BROWER is no longer connected with WOOD'S MINSTRELS. [29 2t*] New York, Oct. 20th, 1864.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEWARK THEATRE, Newark, N. J.

Sole Lessee and Manageress.....KATE FISHER

This beautiful theatre is at present undergoing a thorough rejuvenation; the seats have all been newly upholstered, the interior beautifully painted, and the auditorium is capable of seating 1200 persons. Will open for the season, on

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WITH A FIRST CLASS COMPANY,

under the sole direction of MISS KATE FISHER, who is ready to treat with FIRST CLASS STARS for two or three weeks.

MISS FISHER will shortly start out on her starring tour, visiting all the principal cities in the west, with her

CELEBRATED HORSE,
THE WONDER.

P. S.—WANTED—for the Newark Theatre, a FIRST CLASS JUVENILE MAN. All letters to be addressed
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This splendid establishment, seating two thousand persons, every seat numbered, two hundred Orchestra Chairs, with Scenery, Dressing Rooms, &c., &c., complete in every department, will be Let by the night or week to FIST CLASS entertainments only. Apply to JOHN R. CORY, Music Store, Providence, or to HENRY C. JARRETT, Boston Theatre, Boston. 39-3t*

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APPEAR EVERY EVENING,
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Stage Manager.....SAM RAINFORTH.

This favorite and popular Theatre, having been entirely refitted and decorated, will open on Monday evening, October 17th, for the Fall and Winter season.

Orchestra seats.....50 cents.
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STARS treated with on liberal terms.

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PEAK FAMILY BELL-RINGERS,
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J. H. CLIFFORD, of Campbell's Minstrels, is prepared

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HARTFORD, CONN.,
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Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
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The early publication of this route is made to give would-be rivals a chance to test the merits of the IRON CLADS, and also afford the notorious Zinc-Trumpers a chance to retrieve the ignominious defeat of last season.

SAM SHARPLEY,
Sole Manager and Proprietor.
26-tf

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Abijah Couse.....Stage Manager
John D. Stull.....Business and Advertising Agent
THE PIONEER MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE
of the city, and now the
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The immense crowds who nightly visit it are an evidence of
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In the brilliant combination of artists that delight the patrons of the MELODEON will be found the following Ladies and Gentlemen, who have all been acknowledged as
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FRANK KERNS, JOHNNY THOMPSON,
Ethiopean Comedians and Double Song and Dance men.
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NELLIE GRAY, Danseuse and Pantomimist.
FANNY CHAPMAN, Danseuse.
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In addition to a CORPS DE BALLET of twelve Beautiful Young Ladies.
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Stars in the Music Hall, in Sensation Dramatic Specialities, can arrange good terms by addressing as above. 27-4t*

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ST. CHARLES STREET, NEW ORLEANS.
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This popular Establishment having been thoroughly re-fitted, painted, upholstered, and decorated, is now
OPEN FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON,
With the largest and most complete
VARIETY TROUPE IN EXISTENCE.
The Entertainments will consist of
GORGEOUS BALLETS, COMIC PANTOMIMES,
ETHIOPIAN FARCES, BURLESQUE OPERAS,
GYMNASTICS,
BANJO SOLOS AND QUARTETTES,
TABLEAUX, MARCHES, GROUPINGS,
COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL VOCALISM,
VAUDEVILLES, EXTRAVAGANZAS,
&c, &c.,
In short, THE COMBINED AMUSEMENTS OF THE WORLD, concentrated in one Monster Entertainment. 27-tf

CHERRY BELLE!!!!!

THE STAR OF THE WEST!!
SURNAMED
SATANELLA, THE QUEEN OF MYSTERY!!!
PANTOMIMIST, BANJOIST, AND COMEDIENNE,
THE MOST POPULAR AND ATTRACTIVE STAR NOW TRAVELLING!
commences a four weeks' engagement at the CANTERBURY, WASHINGTON, D. C., on MONDAY, 10TH INST.
Managers of FIRST CLASS MUSIC HALLS desiring the services of this beautiful and accomplished artiste, will address
CHERRY BELLE,
27-tf Care of CLIPPER office, New York.

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